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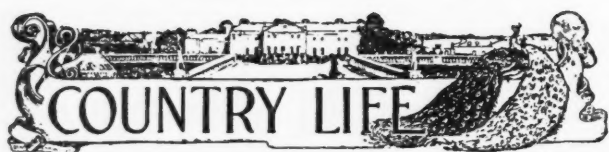
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52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

EITHER by a designed or a lucky coincidence, there has come out just on the eve of Easter a most curious and suggestive article in the *Edinburgh Review*, called "Three Phases of Pastoral Sentiment." The writer's aim is to show how the sentiment of pastoralism has run through religion, literature, and art. Of course, this may be in part due to the fact that the religion prevalent in Europe originated in the pasture-lands of the East. The Founder was naturally *Agnus Dei*, and legend as well as the Revised Version is full of references to the most common calling in that land. According to one of them, Joseph, on his search for succour at Bethlehem, shows us incidentally a vision of pasturage and flocks, just as we have a vision of the manorial system of agriculture in "Piers the Plowman." He sees men who "sit down to eat and eat not, lift hands and draw them not back, who turn their faces upward and stir not, action being transformed into expectancy. Amidst astonished clouds he sees birds who flying cease their flight; the shepherd lifting his staff to fight, smiting not; kids, their mouth touching the water, drinking not." In the Gospel itself we have the hillside, the flock, the herdsmen, the light upon the midnight pastures. After describing all this the writer goes on to show that this pastoralism was partially suspended during the first six centuries of Christianity. Or, as he puts it, somewhat obscurely, "the sentiment of the symbol was displaced by the sentiment of what it symbolised." The lamb becomes the Good Shepherd, shown as He so often is in pictorial art carrying sheep, even as Mercury carried the goat. In those early days men were driven by prosecution into that intense feeling which so often finds expression in analogy and metaphor. To the early Christians the pipes "played a call to the arena of martyrdom, and the sheep bells rang as the Sanctus bell for the sacrifice of altars." After enumerating some of the many representations in the paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts, he says eloquently,

"all these first and earliest embodiments of Christian conceptions are essentially emanations upspringing from memories of the fold and herdsmen, and surely, too, of that kindly tie between man and earth's lesser sheep-children which binds together the Feeder and the fed, the Protector and the protected, the Guide and those who wander by roadway and rock, in friendly relationships and faith and confidence." From the symbolic pastoralism of the Catacombs, he passes at a bound to the Arcadian pastoralism of the Renaissance, but justifies himself by the statement that "a closer study of literature discloses many a link connecting the pastoral art associated with religious faith, and the pastoral sentiment attached to the *dolce far niente* of mundane, open-air life." He takes Spain as his example to show that the religious representations, passion plays, miracle plays, and so forth, were often concerned with things of purely mundane interest, and he cites a song concerning Cassandra the Sybil, which accompanied a kind of mad dance executed by the patriarchs in a Christmas representation, in which, according to the translation, the words run: "She is wild, she is wild," and she is "as a shepherdess free, she is as fair as the flowers, she is wild as the sea."

In the most primitive of literature the chief figures appear to be naturally pastoral. We have the shepherdess spinning her thread, and guarded by her dog, while she herself guards "Little pipe of mine, little pail of mine, little wether, little flocks," from thieves and enemies. It is all like the ballad of Cowden knows, a troop of gentlemen come merrily riding by, and one of them stops to speak to the shepherdess. She complies or she refuses, and it is pointed out as curious that generally it is the *berger* whose fickleness is recorded, the girl "laughs and cries with the irresponsibility of April emotions; but though her love is a gossamer thread, thin as the threads which net the dew-wet grass at dawn," her love is true and lasting. From her repertoire, which seems to embrace the folklore of the world, the reviewer produces many quotations, which are in reality the most exquisite passages in folk-song.

This was pastoralism in its reality and in its beginning. No doubt the simple peasants who in old days spent their life in the open air, tending their flocks, or performing other equally necessary tasks, made some of the real folk-songs that have come down to us. Literature, always imitative, produced an artificial representation of the original. The Arcadian fiction, in the courteous words of our author, "bears the same relation to reality as song to speech." In this respect it is what a poet's lullaby is to a mother's lullaby. If we take Sir Philip Sidney, Lodge, and the others, who about their time gave us English pastoralism in its most beautiful aspect, we cannot fail to see that, after all, they were only playing with an idea. It is only real in the sense that what is truly imaginative has the force of reality, and the greatest of the writers did not blind themselves to this. Shakespeare makes his true shepherd in "As You Like It" an out-and-out clown, who serves chiefly as a contrast and foil to Touchstone. It is to the make-believe woodlanders—the Duke, Jaques, and their goodly company—that he allots much of the fine poetry which gleams like sunshine over that beautiful play. But among his contemporaries Shakespeare was the one who probably had most familiarity with country life, and knew best what it meant. No one has sung more beautifully about the exquisite glamour of Nature; but Shakespeare was never under any hallucination that work in the fields meant anything but physical hardship and mental stupefaction. Sir Philip Sidney's pastoralism is play with an element of seriousness, "A sudden earnestness, an almost unwarrantable accent of sincerity." It would take too long to follow our author through all his multitudinous examples and quotations, but he has, in this most suggestive article, touched deeply upon a matter that must interest such of our readers as are not wholly engrossed with the material facts of life. For in our day we have had something like a revival of the pure spirit of pastoralism. Our poets do not fancy themselves shepherds and shepherdesses, nor is it fashionable among them to make songs for rustics. But never before did the well-to-do and the wealthy develop a greater desire to taste, at least, of the pleasures of tilth and pasture. However deeply they may be engrossed in avocations that bring to them either fame or money, they get a place in the country more or less beautiful, and spend their leisure rearing and tending the creatures of the farm, or planning and working at their gardens. In all this they are giving evidence of possessing the sentiment of pastoralism, which seems to be inherent in the human race. At the same time, they are distinguished by a lack of the sentimentality that inspired so many of the more artificial poets and painters.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Marion Trefusis, the daughter of Lady Mary Trefusis.



KING EDWARD and Queen Alexandra have set an example that many of us would like to follow at this time of the year, by going off on a yachting trip to the East. At the time of writing they are at Algiers, where the King received the welcome which awaits him everywhere. If anyone were to summarise the events in a royal day, he would not wonder that at times His Majesty feels run down a little; for, as is well known, the King is a methodical and hard worker, who does not fill his high position automatically, but makes careful enquiry into the affairs of the nation of which he is the head, and masters them on his own account. When he has intervened in politics, either foreign or domestic, it has always been with the knowledge gained by experience, and with pacific intentions. His Majesty's influence abroad has always been exerted towards strengthening our alliances, and making sure the bonds of peace. The nation, therefore, has every right to be gratified in knowing that he is gaining rest and health from his yachting cruise.

The suspense of which we wrote last week still continues in regard to what is happening in the East. It was very difficult to obtain much intelligence concerning the land forces, but at sea it is harder still, and probably the first news that arrives will be about the battle. With navies it is sometimes overlooked that their initial and, perhaps, their chief difficulty is to find one another. People talk as if this were no longer an obstacle now that wireless telegraphy has been discovered, but, clever as Mr. Marconi's invention is, it is still somewhat in the nature of a toy; that is to say, it cannot be used for long distances. Therefore Admiral Togo and Admiral Rozhdestvensky may have to seek one another on the high seas for several days before they come into actual conflict. Speculation on the result is not very useful at present. We know that the Russians have more warships and heavier guns but less speed than their opponents. Admiral Togo has in the past shown himself not only a most resourceful, but a very prudent commander, who has taken care never to expose Japan's precious ironclads to unnecessary danger, and it is quite possible that his plan of campaign may not be that of pitched battle, or, at any rate, of a great onslaught in which his vessels would be pitted against those of Russia. He is more likely if he can do so to try to cripple the adversary by cutting off his colliers and his transport ships, or by harassing him with torpedo attacks. Meanwhile he is keeping his own whereabouts and that of his ships very much in the dark till the time for action comes.

The future of trade is exciting an unusual amount of speculation at present, some experts holding that we are on the verge of a period of renewed and extreme activity, while others are inclined to regard the signs as ephemeral in character. But statistics, so far as they go, bear out the more sanguine conjecture. The Labour Department of the Board of Trade reports an improvement in March and a decrease of the unemployed as compared with the same month of last year. It is in iron, steel, and cotton that business is getting better. In building, mining, and the boot trade things do not apparently promise any improvement. So far as it goes, this report is the most satisfactory that has been issued by the Board of Trade for at least a year, and we must take it side by side with the solid fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to show a surplus. In the City, again, there is said to be more doing in the way of company promoting than there has been for some time past, and this, too, may be regarded as a sign of returning prosperity.

Few will be able to find fault with the committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to enquire into the nature and causes of grouse disease. No one could more appropriately be chosen chairman than Lord Lovat, and the inclusion of such names as the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, the Marquess of Tullibardine, Earl de Grey, and Mr. Rimington-

Wilson is a guarantee that the subject will be dealt with by most competent hands. Perhaps, however, the committee might have been strengthened by adding the name of a great bacteriologist to it. The enquiry is bound to take a scientific turn, since there is little to find out about the natural history of the grouse. Gamekeepers and owners of grouse moors, and shooting men generally, have studied this disease assiduously for so long a time that in one sense they can have little to learn about it. But, on the other hand, it has not, so far as we know, been made the subject of exhaustive medical enquiry; and yet it is just possible that someone might find out its cause and cure by working on these lines. No doubt, however, if the committee come to that conclusion, they can call witnesses or engage experts, whose knowledge will thus be wholly at their disposal.

A SONG OF EASTER.

O let me rise with all the flowers
That upward spring in sunny hours,
Let me put on new raiment fine
Wrought for me by a Hand divine;
Not like the clothes of Solomon
Are those bright robes I would put on,
But living raiment clean and fresh,
Of spirit fashioned more than flesh.
Let me forget the winter cold
And weeds of malice stale and old,
And wear Love's mantle warm and red,
With Life's white purity, instead.
Let me go out into the fields
Where innocence sweet incense yields,
Where lambs are playing on the grass,
And children love them as they pass,
Where every tree pours forth a voice
That sings to all the world, Rejoice!
So would I rise in mind and heart
And leave my nature's baser part
Behind me in the lower earth
Whence I am called to higher birth,
And while the lark at Heaven's gate
Pours out his song with joy elate,
Let me like him the rapture feel
Of God's creation o'er me steal,
And on this Easter morning go
To sing the praises that I owe,
Where through the trees the village spire
Points up to Heaven the heart's desire.

WILLIAM H. DRAPER.

We are glad to see that a writer in the *Quarterly Review* has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the preservation of old monuments. Country people in England until quite recently have entirely neglected many of the most interesting survivals from antiquity. We know of a place in Wiltshire where there is a very old church, and many most interesting old tombstones. At one time, however, the resident parson who was repairing the rectory that stands adjacent utilised many of these memorial stones for flagging purposes. They may be seen until this day, and, indeed, the present incumbent, who is as reverent of old things as his predecessors were careless, takes a mournful kind of pleasure in showing what has been done. But throughout the length and breadth of the land similar occurrences have been quite common. Often the farmers of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries took the stones of historical ruins to build their pigsties and cowsheds, and those who owned the land were not much more particular.

Our quarterly contemporary gives a few instances that are, and long have been, public property. He points out that builders of railways were especially careless of antiquity. At Berwick-on-Tweed they demolished the old castle rather than go a little out of their way, and built a shoddy imitation of it as the station. It was proposed at Newcastle that the Corporation should buy the old Plummer Tower in order to carry out "an improvement," and a most interesting tithe-barn at Peterborough was demolished on very slight provocation. But flagrant as these acts are, we doubt if they can compare with many that have been committed under the name of restoration. There is no country in the world with so many beautiful old houses as England, but the number of fine examples, of Tudor and Elizabethan styles of architecture, is annually lessening, for the simple reason that owners with a craze for modern improvements persist in destroying the finest of the old features. Indeed, where they are anxious not to do so, it is still difficult to touch a house of this kind without injuring it, because only a limited number of architects have the taste and knowledge necessary to carry out such work on right lines. Yet old houses are, in a sense, the property of the nation, and ought to be reverentially treated.

A very interesting report has been issued by the Departmental Committee appointed to enquire into the use of Industrial Alcohol. Certain complaints have been made, first, as to the enhanced price due to the Excise regulations; and, secondly, as to the unsatisfactory character for many purposes of methylated spirit. The committee do not recommend that the Excise restrictions should be removed, as they rightly say that, with a duty of over 1,000 per cent. on the prime cost of an article, revenue control must of necessity be strict. They, however, offer many valuable suggestions. Those who have not before paid much attention to the subject will probably be surprised at the number of industries in which alcohol is greatly used. In the manufacture of dye-stuffs, it plays a very important part. So it does also in the manufacture of smokeless powder. It naturally has a place in the manufacture of pharmaceutical products, and it is a factor in the making of artificial silk, while it now promises to attain great importance as a fuel for motor-cars.

Last Saturday afternoon London offered a curious study to the meditative observer. The main streets were as full of strange faces as a country town is on its market day; faces they were mostly of the rubicund sort, and, in the case of the men at least, fitted with clay pipes. Ever and anon a newsboy on a motor-bicycle would thread the crowd with the velocity of an express train, till one wondered why an accident did not occur. All this incursion of visitors and general excitement was due to the fact that a game of football was being played between two teams hailing respectively from Newcastle-on-Tyne and Birmingham. Presumably London is chosen for the final because a modern football association or club is really a limited liability company, which runs football players on the same principle as a theatrical manager runs his actors. Money is the object of most combinations in our time, and that which is taken at the gate undoubtedly gives life and stimulus to professional football.

There were said to be at least 100,000 spectators of the game at the Crystal Palace, and local feeling ran high, although, as a matter of fact, the individual player makes no pretence to be a native of the town he hails from. He is a hired gladiator, who is as willing to serve one master as another. No great fault can be found with the crowd on account of the pleasure it took in watching this play. It was a competition between two sets of athletes trained as finely as race-horses for the course, and fighting in deadly earnest to win. Probably this sincerity is in great measure due to the fact of there being such a large number of players. Experience has shown that when one professional is pitted against another corruption soon begins to set in. This was notoriously the case with pugilism and also with pedestrianism. The competitors began to sell their matches, and thereby not only took from the interest of the fray, but what is of as much consequence in the eyes of the British public, upset the betting.

The rabbit is always with us in this country. In Australia, at the present time, he is an unspeakable pest; but if the industry now being carried on by a single Frenchman at Lons le Saunier in the Jura district proves profitable on a large scale, rabbit fur may become a rival to sheep's wool in the making of clothes generally, and a curse be turned into a blessing. The breed utilised is the Angora or "silk rabbit," which moults four times a year. The fur, just before it falls off naturally, can be stripped quite easily by skilled hands. In fact, a contemporary states that "Bunny appears to enjoy it," which is a very happy belief for those to hold who have decided that his coat is valuable.

With the possible exception of the heather, the gorse is probably the most extensively decorative of all our native wild plants, and this year it is satisfactory to see that it promises to be in even more than its normal splendour. Already its golden bloom is glorious, and it has not yet come to its full perfection. Although the prickles and the stubborn hardness of stem of the gorse seem to suggest that it has a sturdy strength of constitution, the suggestion is really rather delusive. In exceptionally cold winters there is great mortality of the gorse. This winter has been an unusually mild one, and perhaps it is as a consequence of this that the gorse appears unusually flourishing. All this is said, of course, of the larger variety, which is just now coming into its full flower. Of the heather, its frequent companion, it is too early to make a forecast.

The birds have been more than usually irregular in their dates of nesting this year; and not only have different species, which generally begin to nest about the same time, differed considerably in their dates, but even pairs of the same species have shown a good deal of caprice. Thus even by the first week in April there were young thrushes out of the nest, and yet there

were other pairs of thrushes, even in the same copse, that certainly had not finished their nest-building. The probable reason is not very hard to see. Early in the spring there was some warm weather, which would have the natural effect of encouraging the birds to begin their nesting rather sooner than usual. This was followed by a spell of colder weather. Those birds then that had their domestic business well under way before the cold came on would persevere with it through the cold spell—whence the young thrushes out of the nest in early April.

An official document emanating from the Italian Chamber of Commerce publishes some facts as to the wine production in Italy from the year 1860 to the present time. In 1860 the supply was extremely limited, and, indeed, barely sufficed for the home consumption. In the following years, however, the cultivation of the vine spread rapidly; indeed, to such an extent as to be hurtful to the land, for it excluded the planting of certain crops which in several places would have been better adapted to the soil. From the years 1879 to 1888 the wine produce varied from about 18,000,000 hectolitres to 33,000,000. From 1890 to 1894 the annual yield was from 31,600,000 hectolitres to 37,000,000. The following five years saw a decrease, the average then being about 29,200,000. This was due to the presence of phylloxera, and the reduction of work in the vineyards in order to cultivate other crops. From 1901 to the present time the yield of wine in Italy has been from 35,000,000 to 45,000,000 hectolitres. Italy is now almost on a par with France as to the quantity of her wine supply, while she is ahead of Spain. The value of this produce is calculated at over 700,000,000 lire a year.

VERSES SENT WITH A DRESDEN FIGURE.

Birthday wishes, gaily played,
On his flute he brings you:
Stepping from some Watteau glade,
In lace, and ruffles, and brocade,
Verses, delicately made,
Fluting he sings you.

I cannot catch the polish'd air
With which his verse is sung:
My Muse knows nought of powder'd hair,
Nor does she flower'd satins wear,
Unbuckled are her shoes, and bare
Of flowers her tongue.

So my own ruder rhymes I stay,
Words halt, and fleeting,
And what I would, but cannot say,
I'll bid my Beau Brocade to play
To you, upon his flute, to-day
For birthday greeting.

G. M. G.

During the last two or three years the bulk of the literature dealing with our very extensive and important possessions in West Africa has been growing apace, and is at length beginning to open the eyes of the nation to the size and the value of that portion of our Empire. Among the most lately published of the books treating of this region are "Uganda and its Peoples," by J. F. Cunningham, with preface by Sir Harry Johnston, and "Cross River Natives," by Charles Partridge, Assistant District Commissioner in Southern Nigeria. Both books throw much valuable light on the nature of the countries and the peoples to which they relate, and especially help to show to the Briton the varied character of the populations and of the natural resources which are included in this immense and immensely fertile Imperial possession. The French have proceeded a step further than we have yet gone in the organisation of their dominions in West Africa. These dominions include five Colonies and the Civil Territory of Mauritania. Each of the colonies is administered by a Lieutenant-Governor, the Civil Territory by a Commissioner, and all are responsible to a Governor-General who represents the majesty of the French Republic.

A subject that has not attracted quite as much attention as it deserves is the furniture-makers' competition which was promoted in connection with the International Furnishing Trades' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. There is at the present time wide evidence of a revival of appreciation of good design in British furniture, and often in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE it has been pointed out that high-class modern work would readily find a good market if workmen would spend the care on it that was bestowed in the schools of Chippendale and Sheraton. Mr. Claude Hay, when distributing the prizes in the above competition, remarked that the entries for sideboards and cabinets had not filled, but, on the whole, spoke highly of the work submitted. Most of the prizes went to the workmen of leading London firms.

A HIGHLAND FARM.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A FAMILY PARTY.

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WE have often had occasion to show Highland cattle as they are kept in England and exhibited in our Southern shows. But to-day we have the pleasure of showing a fold on its native heath.

Ardtornish is in the very heart of the Highlands of Argyllshire, and, as will be seen from our photographs, the cattle are kept exactly in their natural surroundings; that is to say, they are familiar with heath and hill, rock and water. The fold, as a herd of cattle is called in Scotland, is not one of the oldest in the country. As far as antiquity is concerned, it could not be classified with the old Colonsay and Mull herds, nor with that of Mr. Malcolm at Poltalloch, which has been in existence since the early days of last century. The Ardtornish fold dates from about the time in the seventies when small holdings began to be absorbed into large holdings in the Western Islands of Scotland. The tenants of these greater farms were

in the position to build more commodious houses for their cattle, and, generally speaking, to carry on the business of breeding on a larger scale. It is true that, for a decade or so, the Highland herds showed some signs of being neglected, as it was fashionable among the young farmers of the day to go in more for dairy-work than for following the old practice of rearing stock. But, in due time, a very great change took place. The old herds were greatly improved, and many new herds founded. In 1862 animals were sent all the way from Poltalloch to compete at the International Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society at Battersea. Others were sent from the famous herd at Taymouth Castle. The foundation of the Ardtornish herd was laid by Mr. J. Duncan, late of Benmore. He was a first-rate judge of cattle, and made very skilful selections from the principal folds then in existence, which included Blair Athol, Bochartle, and Poltalloch. In those early



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IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

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days the animals figured prominently in the show-yard of the Agricultural and Highland Society, and gave every promise of a successful career. At that time they were kept at a farm lying quite near to Ardtornish, and bordering on Loch Aline, which is in the Morvern district of Argyllshire, a district admirably suited to the breeding of Highland cattle. The present owner of the fold, Mr. T. V. Smith, came into possession of it about twenty years ago, when it numbered some thirty animals. It was just about then, viz., in 1884, that the first volume of the Highland Herd Book was brought out by the Highland Cattle Society at Inverness. This established the breed on a safe footing. During the time that has passed since then a very great deal of expense has been incurred at Ardtornish in acquiring fresh blood from the favourite strains of the day. The owner has always been on the look-out for animals of exceptional merit, and among his acquisitions may be mentioned the famous bulls An-t-asgair and Ceathernach. The former was really the first bull to change hands at what is even now considered to be a high figure; he was bought from Mr. James Baird, late of Knoydart, but was bred by the Earl of Dunmore. Eventually Mr. Smith sold him to the Earl of Southesk. Ceathernach was bred by John Stewart of Ensay, who probably did more for the improvement of the breed of Highland cattle than anyone in our time. After leaving Ardtornish this bull in the end became the property of an English breeder, whose cattle have been illustrated in our pages, that is to say, Mr. H. C. Stephens of Cholderton, near Salisbury. In a fold so famous as that of Ardtornish, it need scarcely be said there are many of the most famous specimens of the breed known in the show-yards.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE YOUNG ENTRY.

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Indeed, more than half of the leading prizes given to this breed at the Agricultural and Highland Society's shows have gone to

Ardtornish in recent years. Our photographs will help the reader to understand something of the nature of the farm, and even of the methods which are employed on it. It is a testimony to the robustness and the hardness of the breed that the animals are allowed to live the whole of the year on their wide and wild grazing grounds. The only exception is made in the case of cows that are taken indoors in the month of November. We have called the



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CEATHERNACH.

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pasturage wide and wild, and we might have described it as being also romantic.

Here, on the shores of the Sound of Mull, the Lord of the Isles had his residence in the olden time. In one of our photographs the ruins of the old castle may be seen, still standing where it overlooked the famous Sound, which the Highlanders used to cross in shallops. The contrast between those turbulent times and our own day may be typified by that between the stern old castle and the useful-looking farm-buildings of which we give a picture. They are modern and convenient rather than picturesque. They are built of concrete, that being the material which is found best adapted to withstand the damp and the rats. The cow-shed is an extremely well-designed building, with an abundant supply of water for washing purposes, and the most excellent arrangements for ventilation and sanitation generally. The calves come in the early part of the year, so that by the time grass becomes green again the first born of them are able to follow their dams about and feed. The late calves are kept in a small field adjoining the pasture-ground, into



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A MATRON OF THE HERD.

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which their dams are admitted twice a day to suckle them, for, needless to say, in a pedigree herd the mother is allowed to nurse her own offspring, and there is not that prompt separation of the two which is advisable when a herd of cows is kept for the dairy. Of course, care has to be exercised not to let the calves out on to the open too soon, as the cattle are accustomed to ramble over great distances, and would wear the young things out if they were permitted to follow them. The

calves, therefore, are kept in confinement until fairly well grown and strong on their legs. The photographs which we show illustrate the points to be looked for in Highland cattle. It is curious that there was an old belief that the breed should be absolutely black, but of late years this has been put on one side. Mr. Housman, in his account of the breed, says "black has become, no doubt from fancy and fashion, by means of selection, the prevailing colour, but it is not the only colour of the pure Highland cattle; red, yellow-red, yellow, dun, brindled, silver dun, and a silvery sort of white are all proper colours of the true breed, whatever may be the fancy of the day." The picture which we give of Ceathernach exemplifies the main points we look for in a typical animal. The face may advantageously be studied along with Mr. Malcolm McNeill's description of the West Highland bull. He is broad in the face, and, despite the fierceness of his aspect, he is really calm and placid. The horns taper finely to a point, and are well set on at the root. The breast is wide, and projects well in front of the legs. The shoulders are broad, the girth behind the shoulder deep, the back straight, wide, and flat, the ribs broad, the space between them and the hips small. It seems to have been a fancy that a bull should

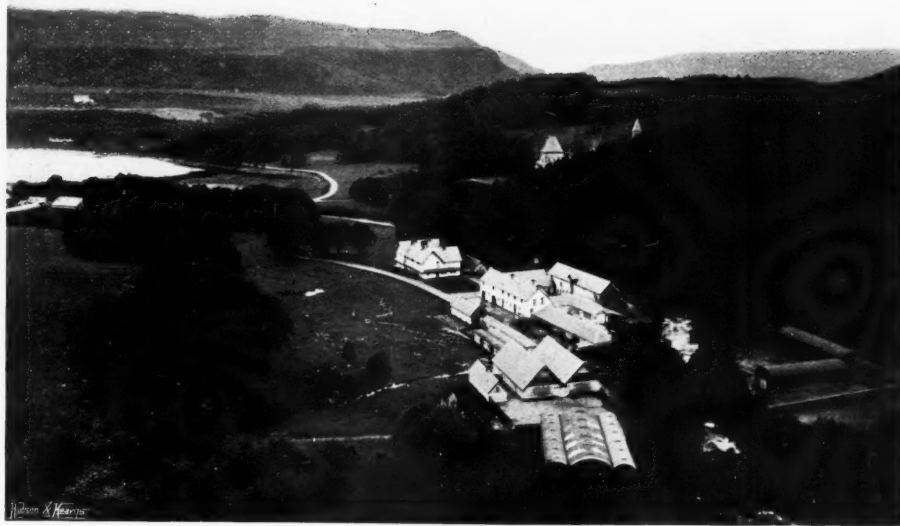
have a fine throat, but the breeder of to-day would never deem that essential. Yet Mr. Housman says that, within memory, "it was no unusual thing for a breeder to cut off what he considered super-abundant skin, sew up the wound, and, when healing was complete, enhance the selling value of the animal by boasting of the beautiful arching curve of the throat line."

Happily tricks of that kind are now undreamt of by the exhibitor or breeder of cattle. The elder generation, however, appear to have had a turn for rogues

in buying and selling, and it would be no difficult matter to fill a book with stories of the faking that used to be done or attempted.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

It would be interesting to ask what are the best qualifications for a man who wishes to write the history of his own time, and how many of them are possessed by Mr. Herbert Paul, who has just brought out the third volume of his *History of Modern England* (Macmillan). Ability to write would stand in the first place, and this Mr. Paul possesses in no mean degree; his style, generally speaking, is dignified even to the point of formality, though now and then his eagerness to get in a flout or jibe gives a very different character to it. But scarcely of less importance than the gift of writing must be that of discernment and judgment. Looking back over a number of years, in this case over the period which stretches between 1865 and 1875, what the historian should do is to select those incidents that are pregnant with future effects. We are not quite sure that Mr. Herbert Paul has done



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HOME FARM, ARDTORNISH.

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HER LORD AND MASTER.

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this successfully. With him politics overshadow all else, and yet we scarcely find in him the dramatic instinct that would have placed in strong outline the two illustrious political gladiators of the time, Gladstone and Disraeli, and allotted to subordinate figures only their due place in the background. Nor is Mr. Paul quite an unbiassed philosopher when it comes to be a matter of discussing questions of franchise and reform. He seems to us to miss few opportunities of belittling Disraeli at the expense of his eminent rival. This, however, we would gladly have forgiven him if he had been able to select and deal with the more interesting questions; but what he calls the education of the Conservative Party, which is practically an account of the passing of the Reform Bill, is too long and too overcrowded with petty detail. Many of the events here narrated had very little significance at the time of their occurrence, and none whatever to-day. The chapter called "The Irish Church" is memorable as a record of the means by which Mr. Gladstone lost popularity in the country and got rid of an enormous majority. To our mind one of the most interesting themes dealt with by Mr. Herbert Paul is that which he calls "The Climax of Liberalism." Perhaps we still are somewhat too near the time to understand the true meaning of it, but the England of the early seventies actually surged with a Liberalism which, although it has flared up occasionally since, has waned and dwindled. In our non-contentious pages it might not be altogether wise to discuss the reason for this, yet we can scarcely believe in the "remainder biscuit" theory of Disraeli's famous epigram. It is true that much of the programme has been carried out, particularly in regard to the franchise, and, again, our attention has recently been taken away from home and fixed on foreign and colonial policy. To the two discussions that stirred the passions and fired the blood of men in the sixties, such as the Land Question and the Church Question, the average voter has become indifferent. Perhaps the Liberal party is awaiting the birth of a new genius, who will find more worlds for it to conquer. But if we look into those chapters that deal with subjects unconnected with parties and politics, we seem to discover more traces of the author's inability to allot to each event its relative importance. We take, for example, theology and literature. Mr. Paul begins it with an account of the controversy that raged round the proclamation of Papal infallibility, a subject that surely has a very diminished interest to-day. Nor is it very stimulating now to hear a long account of the abortive attempt to revise the Authorised Version of 1870, or to follow the author in his discussion of the Athanasian Creed. Even the heresy hunts of the time—those of which Mr. Purchas and Mr. Voysey were the victims—might have been dealt with more briefly.

His selection of literary events is, to say the least, surprising. It certainly deserved to be chronicled that Charles Dickens died in 1869, but that as much space should be given to the publication of that very poor novel "Lothair" seems to need explanation. The first issue of "Fors Clavigera" was not epoch-making, and it is descending to very small beer to insert in the pages of a dignified history an account of the attack made by Robert Buchanan on Rossetti. The episode is one that can safely be forgotten, as it never amounted to more than the merest literary squabble. We doubt if many critics would care to say Amen to the extraordinary tirade in praise of "Middlemarch," which we quote:

"'Middlemarch' is really a great book. In eloquence, in humour, in knowledge of human nature, and in the imagination which can clothe ordinary life with genuine pathos, no book by any living writer could for a moment be compared to it. The appearance of its successive parts, in green covers, from December, 1871, to December, 1872, was anticipated with impatient eagerness by old and young. No woman had attained such celebrity in England. For Jane Austen's fame was posthumous, and Charlotte Brontë died just as her reputation was becoming universal. George Eliot at fifty stood in the front of European letters, the glory of her nation and of her sex. Although she approached the Christian religion from outside, she gave no offence to the most pious."

This opinion is at once strong and uncritical; it seems to be quite out of place. Mill's "Autobiography" and John Morley's "Voltaire" could scarcely do more than give a fresh stimulus to the publishing season. Here, however, is a crumb of genuine historical and critical work:

"If we look for the origin and tendency of the literary movement, which reached its climax in 1873, we shall find that it came from Oxford, and broke away from authority—moral, intellectual, or religious. Ruskin, Jowett, Arnold, Pater, Swinburne, Morley, were all Oxford men. Rossetti's most intimate friends and colleagues, William Morris and Burne Jones, were at the same University. Ruskin had no sympathy with the spirit of Modern Oxford, and loved to denounce it from his professorial chair. But even he was an innovator in art, and of the others, Matthew Arnold was the most conservative. The Oxford of the early seventies was more faithfully representative of the age than it had been before or has been since."

Probably the book that was destined to exercise the most influence in the coming ages was "The Descent of Man,"

published in 1871. Even a glance over Mr. Paul's pages reminds us of the violent controversies that used to rage in magazines and reviews, in churches, and on platforms on theological subjects; but it was the work of Darwin to throw cold water on all that heat and produce the profound indifference characteristic of the present generation.

In his chapter on "Intellectual Progress" Mr. Paul's concern seems to be largely with Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican decrees, the Papal answers, and results of the controversy. Other events that are grouped under the head of "Intellectual Progress" in a curious medley are the visit of Moody and Sankey, the American revivalists; Tyndall's address to the British Association on the origin of life, the case of the Exeter reredos, the suspension of Mr. Mackonochie, the case of Mr. Keet, and the action of Jenkins v. Cook, with a multitude of other little incidents of the same description. We have tried in vain to puzzle out a reason for grouping them together under such a title as that of "Intellectual Progress." Mr. Paul tells us, still under the same heading, that Mr. Disraeli offered Tennyson a baronetcy, and did the same thing to Carlyle. On the latter's refusal he makes the comment that "though certainly not a democrat, Carlyle had the pride of a Scottish peasant, and was imbued with the sentiments of Burns." For our part, we consider that Carlyle never showed himself a more thorough-going aristocrat in the true sense of the word than when he declined the offers made by a man for whom he had expressed little respect. Still under the head of "Intellectual Progress," Mr. Paul gives us a plum which he had evidently kept in reserve to wind up the chapter with. This is a *résumé* to the extent of three pages of the Tichborne case. The necessity to do more than simply allude to this nine days' wonder of the law courts is by no means evident, but if it had to be gone over again what on earth was the reason for putting it in a chapter on "Intellectual Progress"? It may be heresy to say so, but the pages devoted to Sir Roger read only like a superior kind of penny-a-lining.

FROM THE FARMS.

MILKING-MACHINES.

It often happens that we have enquiries about milking-machines, and occasionally contributors send an account of their experiences, so that apparently the subject is full of interest. It may well be so, because one of the greatest difficulties felt by dairy farmers is that of obtaining milkers. The job is one that entails seven days' work in the week, and it is with great difficulty that men can be found who will come to the farm on Sunday. But as far as our experience goes, it is a delusion to suppose that the milking-machine will displace human hands to any important extent. In the first place, it is a mechanical appliance that wants attention itself; and in the second, we have never yet seen one that milked a cow dry. No dairyman need be told that unless the process is finished by hand there will be a speedy decrease in the quantity of milk given. Thus the machine produces no great saving in the matter of labour. On the other hand, it has been brought to very great perfection as a piece of mechanism, and the cows are quite comfortable when being milked by it; at any rate, they may be seen eating or chewing the cud, apparently as contented as they could be under the manipulation of a dairymaid, though, at the same time, it is quite true that the wilder animals are a little fractious till they get accustomed to it.

THE INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

From a document recently issued we learn that the King of Italy's plan of an International Agricultural Association has now taken definite shape, and the main points will be discussed at a conference to be held at Rome in the course of next month. One of its chief aims will be to organise and facilitate co-operative husbandry. The particular points referred to are insurance and banking facilities. In the next place, the Institute will, on its own initiative or at the invitation of Governments interested, propose International measures and institutions in connection with agriculture. The scope of the organisation will, therefore, be great enough to give plenty of work to those engaged in it. We are glad to know that the scheme has obtained the hearty approval and support of King Edward VII.

BREEDING SHIRE HORSES.

At this season of the year this is a matter claiming the attention of most people who are engaged in husbandry. The average farmer is certainly more alive to his true interests than he used to be, but still it is to be feared that a great deal of random breeding goes on; and yet excellent facilities are provided for those who do not mind taking a little trouble. There are not many districts in Great Britain in which a horse society

has not hired a good stallion for use among the farmers, and in most cases, though the fees are a little higher than would be paid for a horse of doubtful health and questionable pedigree, they ought not to be sufficient to discourage the farmer. If he should possess mares of moderate quality, the use of a first-rate stallion whose pedigree is beyond question, and whose freedom from disease is certified by a veterinary surgeon, will very soon place him in the possession of young horses that may be reckoned upon to sell well for heavy haulage purposes, while now and again one of exceptional value may turn up. As horses begin to travel at the beginning of next month, it is, perhaps, not yet too late to remind farmers what they may gain by reconsidering their present policy in regard to sires.

WELSH COBS.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE during the last year or two cannot have failed to notice appreciative articles and letters

which it is more important to render free from all possibility of carrying disease. The Public Health Committee of the London County Council has done a useful piece of work in investigating the chief sources from which the London market is supplied with this, normally, most healthy vegetable relish. The result of these enquiries is much what might have been expected, namely, that while a very large quantity of perfectly wholesome water-cress is sent to London from North, South, East, and West, there is a distinct danger of contracting typhoid from the water-cress grown in a few beds exposed to pollution from sewage or farmyard drainings, or manured, as the practice is in some places, with the same kind of liquids. If the Local Government Board will avail itself of the detailed information which the committee is ready to supply, it should not be a matter of much difficulty or hardship to growers to make the water-cress sent to



C. E. Walmsley.

GOING TO HOSPITAL.

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on the qualities of the small "cobby" stamp of horses which are being bred in constantly-increasing numbers on the Welsh Hills. A chief object of those articles and letters was to point out to the farmers of Wales the adaptability of the Welsh Hills for the breeding of cobs of this useful stamp. It is satisfactory to find this good opinion of their qualities endorsed by one who has had so fine an opportunity of judging them, both at home and in the field, as Colonel Windham-Quinn. In a recent speech at Ruabon, he said that while serving in command of the Glamorganshire Yeomanry in South Africa, the virtues of the Welsh cobs on which the yeomen were mounted were conspicuously brought to his notice, and were favourably commented on by all those that had a similar opportunity of forming an estimate. Colonel Windham-Quinn added a recommendation to the farmers to continue breeding these useful animals, for which there was sure to be an increasing demand as the value of the mounted arm of the service became constantly more fully recognised.

WATER-CRESS.

Few articles of food are more generally in demand among all classes than water-cress, and there are, by consequence, few

market from any locality at least as free from the possibility of infection as the milk supply is already.

SPRING IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE gorse is everywhere ablaze, and the land is barred with gold, what time a lark rises higher and higher into the blue. Down the gleaming road comes a jaunty car driven by a Maori girl, and as she turns her dark head, there is a glimpse of sparkling eyes, and a flash of white teeth. Another moment, and the road is deserted once more, save for the delicious sound of hoof-beats and jingling harness receding into the distance.

The sky, from morn till night, is one cloudless dome of ethereal blue, glowing deeper towards the centre and shading into palest turquoise at the horizon; through the dazzling clearness of the air, every leaf of the Norfolk pine twenty miles away stands out perfectly distinct.

To English eyes, it is, perhaps, too dazzling, and they sometimes long for the homelier grey of the Old Country. The exquisite colour of the sky, whose vast expanse one never realises in England, is rivalled only by the

blue of the sea as it breaks in little waves upon the white beach. Sky and sea together smile of spring, and dominating all is the great mountain rising sheer from the plains, uncovered now from base to crown, save for its white crest of snow, which the sun at rising and setting tinges with rose and gold.

In the gardens, the acacia trees form masses of red, pink, and white; the magnolias are shyly opening their pure cup-like blooms, and the silver leaves shine with a radiance so joyous as to fill the air with a sense of laughter. The woods are articulate with life; through the damp undergrowth the majestic tree-ferns rise triumphant; the Supple-Jack flings his twining sinewy limbs across and around everything within his reach.

Deep in the woods the silence is intense, but it is the stillness of life, not of death. One almost hears the noise of battle, the upward progress of the silent struggling lives around. Here among the trees and out upon the roads, in every available spot of waste ground, great clumps of arum lilies are gleaming. And yet—and yet—what is wrong? The arum lilies do not satisfy us. Is it that, accustomed as we are to think of them as something rare, it jars upon us to see them flung to the common winds like weeds, as if the beauty of some lovely woman were cheapened by the gaze and comments of the vulgar? Or is it that we miss our little English primrose and the violet?

J. P.

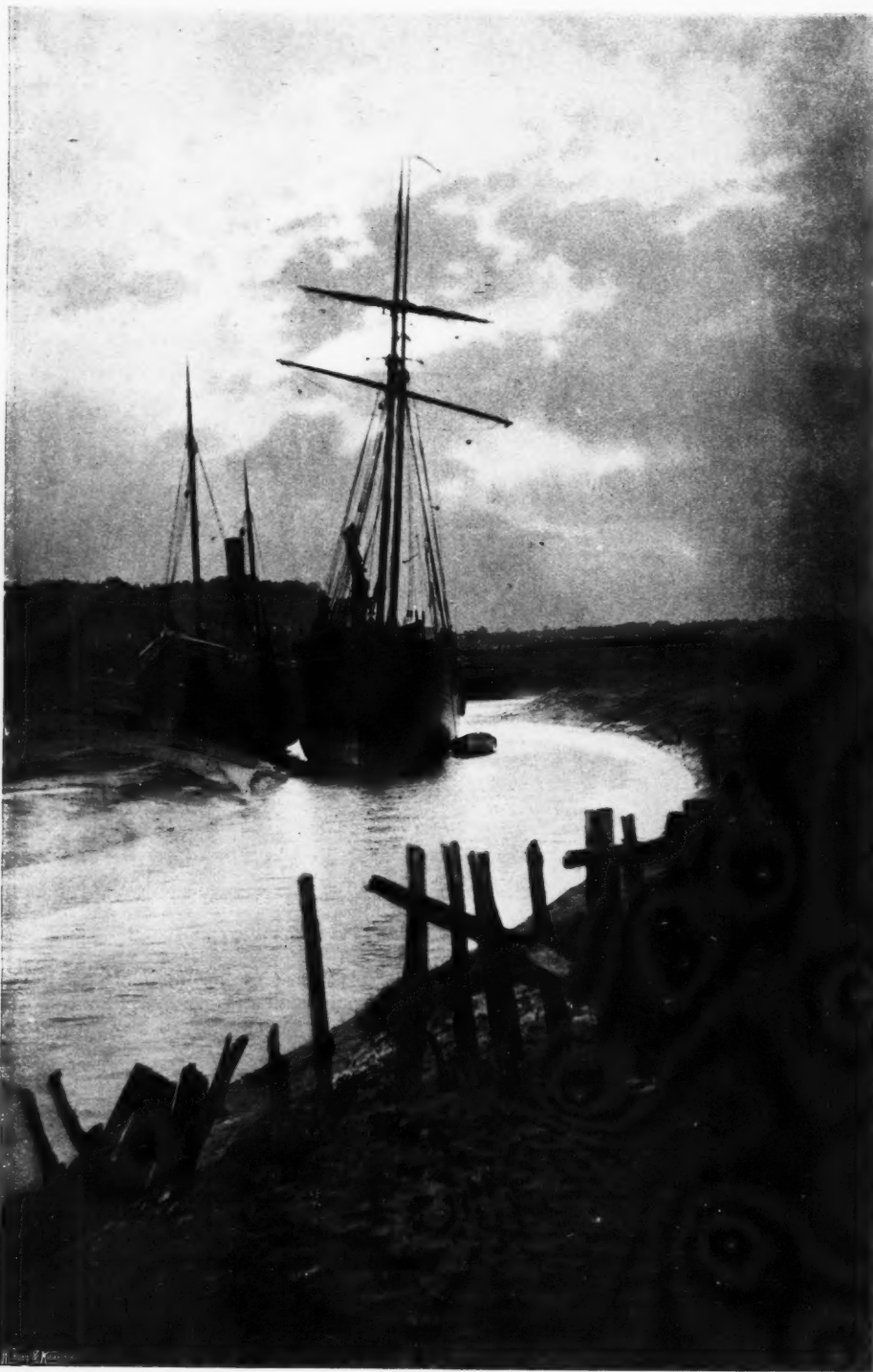
ROMNEY MARSH.—II.

RYE AND WINCHELSEA.

THE former article on Romney Marsh dealt with the eastern end, and with the castle of Lympne, Studfall Castle, Dymchurch, and the Courts of the Corporation of the Cinque Ports and of the Lords of the Level. At the other extremity of this remarkable tract of land and reclamations from the sea stand the two "ancient towns"

of Rye and Winchelsea. They were added to the Corporation of the Cinque Ports after the others had been constituted, and the title given to the seven was the "Cinque Ports and the two ancient towns." It is below Rye that the present course of the Rother enters the sea. But two other streams, the Brede and the Tillingham, also unite their waters there, and anciently formed a great inland sea, in which Rye was an island of sandstone rock. Further west is "New" Winchelsea, founded 600 years ago, after old Winchelsea had been overwhelmed by the ocean.

Looking at Rye from the flats, it is not difficult to picture it as it was six centuries ago, when it stood a steep, cliff-girt island, completely walled, and covered with houses surrounded on three sides by the tidal waters of the three rivers, and fronted by the sea. The red roofs of the houses and the narrow lanes of to-day date largely from the times of Elizabeth, because the French burnt the wooden houses on two or three separate occasions, in the reigns of the later Plantagenets. But of mediæval Rye, the church and the town gates remain, and of Norman Rye, one most remarkable relic, the oldest in the Cinque Ports, the Ypres Tower, built in the days of Stephen by the Count of Ypres in Flanders, who was also Earl of Kent. It is a modest little fortress, with four angle turrets and a curious roof. The lower part was used as a prison later, but practically nothing in it has been altered. Probably it is the only small fortalice of that very ancient date which is not ruinous, but stands as it was built, with the roof intact. But the feature of Rye is the great church. It stands exactly on the summit of the low cone made by the old city, and its finely-gilded, glittering vane, topping the low spire, is the highest object for miles around. Ascend to the battlements of the tower, and you see every lane, roof, and gateway in Rye. Below are the turbid rivers winding sinuously, the shipyard, where wooden ships are still built, the town hall, the grammar school, the gardens of the old merchants' houses, smuggling agents' look-out towers, the distant masts at Camber down the river, and the grey mass of Camber Castle. Beyond that is the twin town of Winchelsea, another former island and fortress, with its priory church, that matched or eclipsed Rye itself, and beyond all the glittering levels of the narrow sea. Rye Bay is still a favourite trawling ground, and the waters are often dotted with the sails of the Cinque Ports' fishing fleet. As the visitor looks out over sea and marsh, at his very feet rings out the clash of bells. It is the golden cherubs—"quarter boys" they are called—striking the hour on the fine old clock dial. The cherubs are a good deal "larger than life," so to speak, and, having put on their



M. C. Cottam

AT THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

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Coronation suits of fresh gilding, make a very brave show. The boys and the dial were put up early in the eighteenth century, but the clock is much more ancient. It is supposed to be the oldest in working order in England. The pendulum is 18ft. long, and, passing through the roof of the ringing chamber, hangs down into the church, where it solemnly swings to and fro over the heads of the congregation. The people of Rye were also very careful of their clock. In 1581, on May 12th, there is an entry in the churchwardens' accounts of payment for "making the quarters and chimes work"; and on the same day there is another entry that "John Rycheman had 4s. 6d. payment for six days for keeping the clockworker at work." The value of supervision was evidently known. For a short but interesting history of this fine church, as well as of the town and neighbourhood, "Adam's Guide to Rye" will be found a useful handbook. Unfortunately no authority can be found to explain the presence of one particularly fine piece of church furniture, a massive and splendidly-carved mahogany table, used for the altar in St. Clare's chancel. Probabilities are in favour of its having been presented by one of the Lamb family. It clearly was not made for church use originally.

Rye is in many respects an epitome of the styles of different centuries of urban buildings. While the Ypres Tower shows



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OLD HOUSES, RYE.

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one of the oldest defensive works in England, the two city gates, the Landgate Tower, and the Strandgate, part of which was standing till the year 1815, represented the Plantagenet idea of what city gates should be. The Landgate remains, a fine monument of the military style of the days of Edward III. The first walls, by the way, were built on the seaward side, in the days of Richard I., and the grant, or charter, permitting this was discovered among the town records some years ago. It is written on a slip of parchment, 12in. long and 3in. wide, in a mixture of Latin, French, and Italian! In the reign of Edward III. the water had receded so much that instead of being cut off from the land by the sea and estuary, Rye became only a peninsula, which made it necessary to fortify the landward side. The massive gateway, flanked by towers, with heavy doors iron clamped, and a portcullis, was the only entrance. Yet from the years 1317 to 1448 Rye was frequently taken by the French. The great retirement of the sea which began in the fourteenth century soon impoverished the Rye traders; yet good buildings still continued to be erected. One of these is the old "Hospital," a timber-built house of the fifteenth century, and another the delightful old Mermaid Inn, dating from the early sixteenth century. It runs round three sides of a parallelogram, and though its front to the narrow little "Mermaid Street" is so modest that it



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PLAYDEN MILL.

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might scarcely be noticed, inside it contains numbers of good and pleasant rooms, with thick timber-work, and several very fine old Tudor fireplaces. Two of these have mantels carved in stone, and one is fitted with one of the widest wooden mantel beams to be seen anywhere. The arch of this fireplace extends



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WHERE SWAYING REEDS SWEET MUSIC MAKE.

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across the whole width of the room. Taking the Mermaid as representing the early Tudor period, the Court Hall, or Town Hall, is a very good example of the days of George II. It was built in the year 1742 of red brick and Portland stone, and in its fine court-room on the first floor much of the later history of the "ancient town" can be learnt. There are the lists of all the mayors from the year 1298 A.D., in which for nearly a century the families of Grebell and Lamb seem to have monopolised that office, the Lambs having rather the best of it. There, too, are the "engagement" of the city to support the Parliament, with no King, and no House of Lords. In many cases when the signatories could not write, they denoted their occupation by a drawing, such as a wheel, or a fish. In the city safe are two splendid silver-gilt maces, presented by two former members for

the city in 1767. Two Elizabethan silver-plated maces of small size are also preserved, and a beautiful little Elizabethan hand-bell of bronze. There, too, in another room is the old pillory, and the chains in which the last murderer to be gibbeted was hanged on the Salt Marsh below the town in 1742. The intended victim was one of the Lamb family already mentioned, but the murderer, who bore him a grudge, and had learnt that he was going down that night to the "Strand" to take leave of a friend who was embarking for France, stabbed a friend, one of the Grebells, who had gone down in the place of Mr. Lamb. Part of the murderer's skull remains inside the head irons. The grammar school, built of brick in 1636, is a good example of the style of a period nearly 270 years ago.

Winchelsea, linked up with Rye by Camber Castle, and clearly seen across the few miles of intervening marsh, is in every way a "twin" of the other "ancient town." Like Rye, it was once as nearly an island as possible. Its present prettily sounding name is the result of an ancient compound Saxon word—Gwent-Chesil-Eye, or flat-beach island. It is on a far steeper hill than the twin town, and *quite* houses and people is now only a village. But the gates and ancient buildings are quite as interesting as those of Rye. There is a long, steep ramp, the road up which passes under the frowning arches of the Strandgate, into what is now the village, but was formerly a specially-built fortress-town of Edward III., "New Winchelsea." "Old Winchelsea" is now covered up by sea and shingle. It stood three miles to seaward of the present town, and was an important harbour. In the thirteenth century it was overflowed by the sea, its harbour silted up, and the remains of the town were half destroyed by high tides and gales in October, 1250. King Edward I. caused a new town to be planned on the sandstone rock where the present village stands. It was regularly laid out in blocks or squares to correspond with the blocks in old Winchelsea; the more exposed sides of the town were walled with stone, and the others with earth, and three gates, two of which remain, were built. At one time 4,000 people lived there, besides soldiers and sailors. The houses were built over cellars and arches of Caen stone "fit for famous merchants." But the town was burnt and plundered again and again by the French. When Henry V. sailed on the expedition which closed at Agincourt, Gabrielle de Winchelsea led the vanguard of the fleet. In the very centre of the symmetrical old town rises the unfinished but splendid church of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Only the choir and transepts were built, for the prosperity of the town lasted but for two centuries, and the transepts were ruined, probably by the French, and the choir with its aisles alone remains. The south aisle "may have been wholly a chantry to the distinguished family of Alard," Mr. Basil Champneys says; and indeed it looks as if this were so. Two magnificently decorated tombs, with recumbent figures larger than life size, and splendid canopies, mark the resting-place of Gervase Alard and Stephen Alard, both admirals of the Cinque Ports; and a third and fourth tomb are probably also those of Alards, one a Crusader. Gervase Alard was the first man in England who received the title of admiral, which, by the way, is an Arabic word, originally "Amir-el-Bahr," or Emir of the Sea. The Court Hall is the oldest building in the place, and is probably as ancient as the days of Edward I. It has a very fine open timber roof, while at the end is part of the original prison of the "Water Bailiff" of Winchelsea.



M. C. Cottam.

"YON ORANGE SUNSET WANING LOW."

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Not the least impressive landmark in the history of the "ancient town" is the massive fort, built late in the reign of Henry VIII., on what was then the margin of the sea. Camber Castle, as it is called, now stands at least a mile inland, in the midst of fat and smiling meadows, though across them there runs still a broad bank of shingle, showing where the natural coast protection of the pebbles formerly lay. A quarter of a mile off is the embanked channel of the river up which runs the tide. But on the long levels of grass on which stands the heavy and frowning fortress there is nothing to suggest the presence of the sea. The vegetation is all land vegetation. Fresh-water plants grow in the ditches, larks and starlings haunt the turf. Against the grey walls of the castle are lambing-pens; bunches of wallflower and leaves of pennywort adorn the ruined arches; and huge knotted stems of ivy twine over the embrasures and casemates. In plan the fortress is like Deal Castle. There is a high central drum tower, surrounded by semi-circular bastions; each was built to hold large cannon in casemates, and the embrasures are splayed out to allow the gun to be traversed. The roofs of these towers and bastions have now disappeared; but doubtless they, like those at Deal, also carried cannon. But though the roofs are gone, and the fort is partly ruined, these very breaches and dilapidations show us by sections, and the removal of the inner lining, the enormous strength and solidity with which these late Tudor defences were built. The designers must have held most exaggerated ideas about the power of cannon, whether on board ship or on land, as against masonry. The walls are in many places 12 ft. thick. The outer facing is of carefully-hewn stone, then come many feet of unhewn stone, and the whole is completed by a lining of yellow brick about 5 ft. through. The cost of the whole is said to have been equal to £220,000 of our money. Camber is one of a series of forts built along the South Coast by Henry VIII., partly from the proceeds of the sale of the monastic lands. They vary from stone batteries, or "blockhouses," like that at Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, to those like Camber. Some still form the centre of modern forts, as, for instance, the tower at Southsea Castle, and the keep at Hurst Castle. From the latter, eastward, we find probably the original of the "blockhouse-fort" at the entrance of Portsmouth Harbour, Cowes Castle, Calshot Castle, Walmer Castle, Deal Castle, and Sandgate Castle, besides the ruins of another, swept away by the sea, between Deal and Sandwich.

The modern hamlet of Camber stands on the west of what is the present port of Rye, and mouth of the Rother. Here is still the pretty fleet of channel trawlers, all of one rig, with their tall masts and fluttering vanes. A few of the picturesque brigs, schooners, and "billy bhoys," which trade with Rye, lie there before coming up the river. A long stone embankment keeps the river from overflowing on the left bank, and causes a rapid current at the ebb, which keeps the channel clear by its scour. Eastwards for miles stretch sandhills, on and among which are the links of the Rye Golf Club, and beyond them the endless green levels of the Marsh.

Some among the Marsh churches on the levels are particularly quaint, and unusual in form. There could never have been more than a very scattered congregation, and in some cases it is clear, from the records of the reclamation of the land, that in the days when the Norman walls of Dymchurch or Lympne were being built, the only beings to preach to would have been the fishes. Yet as soon as there were houses and people no time was lost in building a sanctuary to worship in. At Brooklands,



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EVENING BY THE RIVER.

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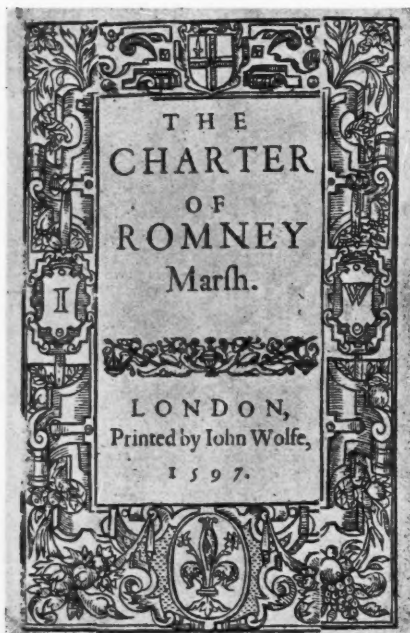
through which the line from Littlestone to Appledore now passes, is a church of very considerable size and interest. It has a nave and two aisles, with good pillars and pointed arches, and the interior is kept in good condition, and always has been, judging from the antiquity of the work. It has a very old, but well-made, set of pews, of unpainted pitch pine. Those at Rye, made of this wood, date from the early seventeenth century, and probably the pews at Brooklands are not much later. There is a good railing cutting off a chapel, and also a splendid lead font in perfect preservation, covered with small figures and emblems in high relief. But the quaintest point about this church is that outside in the churchyard stands the spire and upper storey of a wooden bell-tower, which was never put in position on the church tower at all. It is tarred over, and looks like a pagoda. The people were determined to have their bells, so they hung them in this dismounted steeple, and still ring them. At Guildford, close to the line to Rye, is another small and quaint church. It consists of two

aisles of equal height, each with a high roof, and no nave. Neither is there a tower; but the side windows are large and good, and the roof and stone walls are covered with beautiful yellow lichen. It stands in a grass marsh, with no enclosure or trees round it.

C. J. CORNISH.

OLD-TIME CHURCH ORCHESTRAS.

THE west galleries are very rapidly disappearing from our village churches. The modern parish priest agrees with the modern architect that his church cannot be thoroughly restored without dismantling the old musicians' gallery. It has been an eyesore for many years, as an erection quite out of accord with the ideas of the founder of the fabric, and it has been but rarely used since the days of the church musicians. It has served its purpose, and must, therefore, be removed at the first opportunity. This dismal structure in the rear of the venerable fabric not only diminishes its dignity very



A TITLE-PAGE.

materially, but hides the wonderful original masonry of the Early English, Perpendicular, or Decorated period, which has lately been stripped of all accumulations of whitewash. It also offends by shutting out the light of the west window, which probably has some handsome mouldings and some relics of mediæval glass.

The west gallery will soon be a mere memory, like the musicians themselves. In their day they were the cynosure of all eyes on a Sunday morning and afternoon when they struck up a tune. What would a parish priest of to-day have to say if his parishioners dared to turn their

backs on the altar and stare up at a west gallery from whence proceeded music? It is true that sixty years ago, and less, our incumbents performed divine service with their backs to what was then a most dingy communion-table, and that the congregation sat all around the high, square pews, many worshippers having their backs to the incumbent. The altar has been once more raised to its proper position, and made ornate with cross, flowers, and lights, so that it cannot fail to be the cynosure of all eyes. Where an organ is played at the west end of the church, beneath the site of the old musicians' gallery, it is always heard, but not seen.



W. Selfe.

OLD ROMNEY CHURCH.

of doles and benefactions were painted in white. In the church at a country place which I shall call Sancton, a winding stair in the white-washed tower basement, where hung three bell-ropes, led up to a pair of old stable-like doors, by which you entered the gallery. In the days of the "musicianers" this gallery used to be so crowded at times that I feared it would collapse with the weight; and, in my juvenile mind, I could never see what there was to hold it up. An aisle was formed down the centre, where were five or six broad, flat steps, which creaked whenever anybody trod on them. In

three of the front pews sat the gentlemen of music, and the village choir just behind them. The gallery was not quite appropriated by those responsible for the musical portion of the service, though I imagine it was more or less a family party that used it. Unfamiliar persons were much resented by those in possession.

Any other parish clerk than Mr. Tobias Brown would have taken his seat in the lowermost deck of the cumbrous and lofty pulpit. Tobias preferred a much higher perch, where he could conduct the singing to advantage. Up to the gallery he brought his 'cello every Sunday in a green baize bag, and there sat in the midst of his fellows to dutifully scrape it, steadying it with a spike, which he dug into the rickety floor. Christopher Brown, his brother, tooted the flute, while Geordie, his nephew, bowed the fiddle; and here, be it noted, Christopher and Geordie between them accomplished the feat of ringing the three bells for service. Tobias's brother-in-law, Caleb Crabb, who was a shoemaker, played the hautboy; while Binnie Welford, brother of his wife's step-father, blew a bassoon. Binnie, however, had lungs for anything; he followed the harriers on foot on hunting days, and saw all the sport. Willie Skelton, a cowkeeper, sometimes would bring hither his clarinet when in the mood disposed; or Bartholomew Beal—an old-fashioned little man with a white beard under his chin, which always looked like an artificial adornment tied on with twine—might possibly bring his serpent. A serpent of wood, which never hissed when properly blown! It was

a rather ugly, twisted wood tube with a tail, containing stop-holes like the gill-sacs of a lamprey, and a mouth-piece like a kettle-spout. You would have thought that some music-murderer had invented it, though in those days it answered admirably as the natural bass of the cornet family. Still, this instrument was in the highest degree capricious, if not fortuitous.

The music of Sancton Church was not ordered by the Rev. Elisha Twamley, A.B., but by his clerk and orchestral conductor, Mr. Tobias Brown. The Sunday morning service during his régime usually opened about twenty minutes to eleven (ten minutes late) with "Awake my soul, and



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with the sun"; and Tobias had also a predilection, shared by his colleagues, for "Glory to Thee my God this night" as an opening hymn for evensong, which was held at three o'clock in the afternoon, when the musicians were punctual. Terrific was the noise made in a morning when Tobias, as clerk and master of the ceremonies, stood up and called out, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord," for not until then did you hear the full combined power of the instruments, choir, and congregation. In this choir Richard and Molly Fletcher had sung for eighteen years, ever since they were married, and Miss Agnes Brown (Tobias's daughter) for seven years. There were several amateur vocalists, young men and maidens, one of the latter being known to me as the possessor of a sweet seraphic voice. She had long hair, and brown eyes, and a blue frock, and a white hat. I was in love with Anna T.

At Sancton Church we usually talked, muttered, or mumbled the psalms for the day. The Rev. Elisha Twamley read one verse, and the congregation, led by Tobias, said the other. These immelodious psalm-duets were always got through with all speed possible, and at the end of each one the orchestra burst out into "Glory be to the Father," etc. At the same time, our musical service professed to be run on the lines of Sternhold and Hopkins's old metrical version of the Psalms, though the time came when Tate and Brady's psalmody got a footing. I have a vivid recollection of hymn-verses being torn to pieces in the rendering for the purpose of suiting a round-about tune, and of lines of verses divided midway—often in the middle of a word. These, when repeated two or three times, would often bring an element of ludicrousness into the hymn that the writer could not possibly have foreseen. Yet I will not say that any of the hymns and anthems our choir rendered ever acted as trials of countenance rather than as promoters of piety. One anthem-like refrain was, now that I recall it so clearly, an antiphonal invocation to Sal to come downstairs and look after the stew; yet nobody seemed in those days to regard it as profane humour. It went like this:

"Come down Sal-
Come down Sal-
Come down Sal-
vation."

"Stir up my stu-
Stir up my stu-
Stir up my stu-
pid heart."

We used sometimes to sing the praises of Betsy in this fashion:

"O teach my heart to praise Thee more
And love Thee bet-
And love Thee bet-
And love Thee bet-
ter than before."

Polly had occasionally a turn, but I forget the six-syllabled preceding line:

"My poor pol-
My poor pol-
My poor pol-
luted soul."

Those were the days when we sucked mint humbugs in church and discussed pills:

"And take thy pil-
And take thy pil-
And take thy pil-
grim home."

Nor did Molly Fletcher, Agnes Brown, my little friend Anna, nor the other young ladies, see anything to laugh at in the words:

"We hasten to our heavenly prize,
And seek a man-
And seek a man-
And seek a man-
sion in the skies."

It once entered my head during the singing of this hymn that the man they were seeking was the Rev. Elisha Twamley. So, starting a man-hunt on my own account, I lifted myself from my seat behind the musicians, and found him halfway up the three-decker, which stood well-nigh in the middle of the church; but even then I could only just distinguish his bald pate, forehead, and spectacles glittering like crown-pieces. He was seated behind the book-rest when he ought to have been standing; and I have just been thinking that he looked like an orchestral conductor stripped of his bâton, and made prisoner in his ponderous oak-built "coward's castle." Nevertheless, the Rev. Elisha was always a godly man, a man of wise counsels, and a bold defender of what was then called the Protestant Faith.

Sometimes on winter afternoons the musicians and choir were unable to see their music. A few bits of tallow dips in tin save-alls spiked at the end were then got out of a box, and, after being fumbled with for some minutes, stuck in the pew tops, whereupon the instrumentalists began rubbing their lucifer matches, while, perhaps, the congregation below patiently awaited

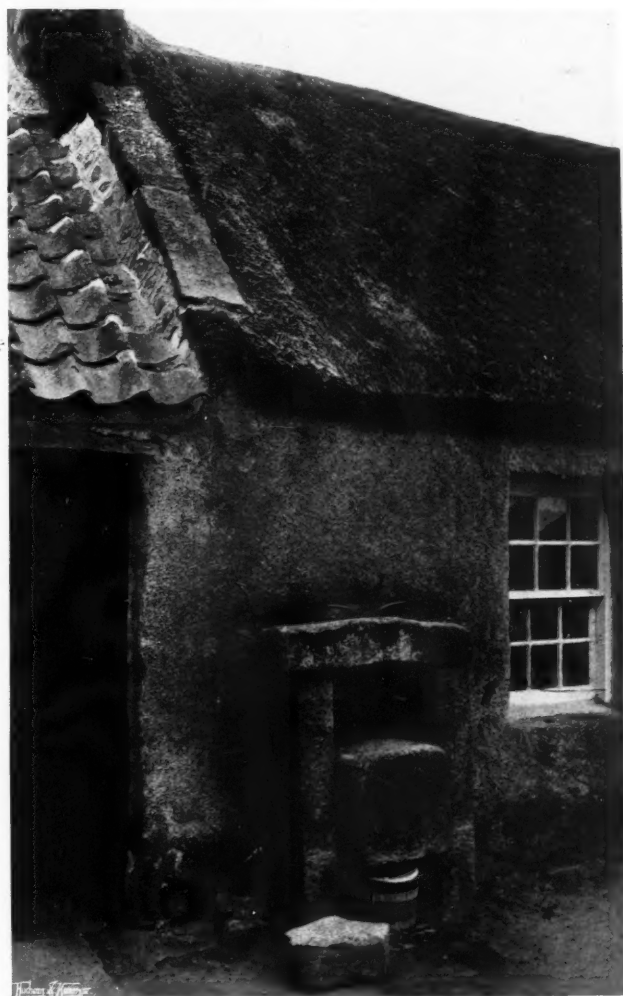
developments, and the Rev. Elisha dropped out of sight on his bench in mid-deck. When the candles had burnt a while, Tobias's wife, who was of a saving turn of mind, went round with the snuffers, at times bringing them to bear so closely upon the unburnt wicks that one light here and another there was snuffed out as if by accident in the middle of an orchestral performance. The explanation of such little mishaps might have been found in the fact that all these precious candle-ends were Mrs. Tobias Brown's perquisites; she carried them home to light the cottage. Thus, before a midwinter afternoon's service could be concluded only a very dim religious light remained for the musicians groping over their scores. One or two flickering yellow tongues of flame made the inclosing shadows more pronounced, and combined to draw the black lozenge-shaped hatchments, the three-decker with its tenant, the countenances of the musicians and their instruments, into a picture as weird as any I have ever seen.

There appears to be to-day a general consensus of opinion that fiddles, bass-voles, flutes, clarionets, bassoons, hautboys, and even serpents could never have been otherwise than ill-suited to the purpose of church music. Under a spirited leader, the members of a church orchestra who possessed a high opinion of their gifts would, as often as not, play merely to please themselves, and barely condescend to have a choir at their heels, much less a congregation bawling out at the top of its voice. In fact, these instrumentalists were often accused of discouraging congregational singing by playing unknown tunes, so as to prevent their own music being drowned in the flood of human voices rising from below. Their plain duty was, of course, merely to lead, and make the psalms and hymns go trippingly; but they had such a huge sense of their importance that they would never have borne speaking to on the subject of their duty.

HARWOOD BRIERLEY.

A "CHEESE-PRESSIE."

ONE of the homely industries in the wilds of Scotland, probably unfamiliar to most of our readers, is the manufacture of cheese by hand-presses. Where the lonely cottage on the moor is far removed from any village shop, and "mild American" can only be obtained at the expense of a weary tramp of many miles along rough and wind-swept roads, or



Mrs. Delves Broughton. THE CHEESE-PRESS.

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by narrow sheep tracks across the hills, home-made cheeses form a substantial part of the peasant's diet. These cheeses are manufactured in the simplest manner possible. Skim milk, with the addition of rennet, is poured into a cloth, tied up, and placed in a wooden tub, then gradually pressed until all the whey is removed, and only the curd remains. When this has attained sufficient solidity, and acquired the shape of the vessel into which it has been forced, it is denuded of its wrappings, and is ready for ripening. The ripening takes place inside the house, where rows of cheeses may be seen laid upon a shelf, or placed out of the way on the topmost ledge of the "dresser." Here they get the full benefit of the peat or wood smoke that on gusty days—and how frequent are such days in the North of Scotland!—is driven down the wide-open chimney and fills the room with a dense and eye-smarting cloud.

The "cheese-pressie," which stands close to the cottage

door, calls for a word or two of description, as in its quaint picturesqueness, and in its weather-beaten, lichen-covered stones, it redeems the otherwise bare cottage from the commonplace. It is composed of two uprights on which rest a transverse piece of stone; through it runs the screw that has attached to its lower end a huge block of granite that forms the presser, and which can be raised or lowered at will by means of a handle on top. Beneath it is placed the tub containing the newly-made cheese. Like numberless habits and fashions that as a consequence of the daily-increasing facilities for traffic have altered of late years, cheese-making is no longer as widely practised as of yore, and "cheese-pressies" have in many instances been allowed to fall into ruin. The specimen here shown is not only in good working order, but is actually at work, and a clear idea can be gained from the picture of this simple and effective device for the making of cheeses.

E. BROUGHTON.

THE CAMERA AND THE PICTURE PORTRAIT

GIVEN a human figure or face as the model and a capable craftsman with a camera, it might seem that the result could be counted upon with mathematical certainty and precision; and yet, as every photographer, and as nearly everyone who has ever had his or her portrait taken, knows, such is far from being the case. There was the case of "Dick, Tom, and Harry," all three being the same individual, the first as the man really was, the second as others knew him, and the third as the man pictured himself to be, and for this third aspect we might substitute the man's portrait—that is, as a man sees himself or expects his

presentation to be; hence, perhaps, the conceited man's disappointment on receiving "proofs" from the photographer, and the perfect contentment of the man who is indifferent as to his appearance!

A portrait that is a likeness of a person as he or she actually is will be a mere record of fact, as though the individual had no more personality or character than a marble bust or lay figure. But men and women with rare exceptions are not interesting as racial types, nor as natural history specimens, and hence there seems no call to place their appearance on record; but with the personally interpreted portrait it is quite another matter. Man, as read by another, thereby indicating his possible influence on others, becomes a much more interesting subject for study. Man as a responsible being, as a factor for progress or the opposite, as a moral influence, as a drag upon or impetus to progress, ceases to exist but for his fellow-men. Were he alone in the universe, how could man have developed attributes, both good and bad, which are bound up in his duty to his neighbour? And hence the manner in which another portrays him, believing that portrayal to be true, is the only aspect of a man that is worth considering.

Now it is precisely this that accounts for such a wide difference in the really serious and capable portraiture of a given individual which emanates from various photographers' studios. Think of the portrait of the late Mr. G. F. Watts, by Hollyer, Robinson, Caswall Smith, Cameron—how they differ! Wider still the disparity between the photographic portraits of M. Rodin, ranging from the ordinary commercial portrait such as one might recently see in one of the illustrated weekly papers, to the mystical and deeply suggestive impression of the great sculptor given us in photography by Mr. Eduard Steichen. Thus, the last-named photographer only makes portraits of those people who attract him, and who for some reason appear to him as great characters, and, strange to say, nearly all Steichen's portraits give one the idea of a big man physically. Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, the American photographic revolutionist, an object of Steichen's hero worship, is a man of small stature and slight physique, yet he looms large in his admirer's portrait of him. This personal impression is a higher form of portraiture than that to which we are accustomed, although probably the average professional studio work is as much a personal interpretation as the other, but that the producer is incapable of perceiving in his sitters much beyond the physical exterior. To him, probably, a Shakespeare would be just a man who wrote plays for the stage, a Napoleon a clever organiser of men. It is not to be laid to the blame of the average photographic operator that he feels no particular thrill in the presence of one sitter more than another. He is insensitive. A newspaper wants the portrait, and were it Jove himself come to sit, it would be merely a question of blinds, stop, "Look just here, please!" and the portrait is done.



Marshall.

MY LITTLE DUTCH.

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So the public, prone to be biased by the majority and by the average, has become accustomed to this sort of thing, and the ordinary member of it looks with distrust on what for distinction's sake we may call the picture portrait, feeling that it is not as he would have expected had he himself been the subject. He is sympathising with "Harry," and is not prepared to make "Tom's" acquaintance, though for want of thought and analysis he imagines that a portrait should be "Dick." Every picture that is to be something more than a mere record of physical fact should be a personal impression, whether the subject be figure or landscape or aught else; only if it possess that stamp of individuality can it claim to be a work of art. When the Paris Salon contained those two remarkable portraits by M. Benjamin Constant, the Pope Leo XIII. and M. Loubet, a prominent critic wrote: "One would think that in Paris the portrait of M. Loubet would not have come second in interest and curiosity to any." But it has, and it is certainly strange to see the gorgeously-dressed crowds—all the notabilities of literary, artistic, fashionable, and, as is its boast, infidel Paris—converging from the various points to stand in admiration before M. Benjamin Constant's painting of Pope Leo XIII., for without one dissentient voice this picture has been declared a masterpiece of portraiture. The resemblance of Pope Leo XIII. to Voltaire, which has been so often remarked upon, is more discernible than ever in Constant's wonderful portrait, but, as one remarked, "in looking at it you have to imagine the expression of a spiritualised and humanity-loving, ascetic Voltaire." If M. Loubet's portrait comes second in interest and curiosity to that of Pope Leo, it may be a consolation to the President of the Republic to know that, so far as gossip is concerned, it is by a long way the first picture in the exhibition. A controversy rages round it, and on what point, think you? As to whether it resembles M. Loubet or not! Some critics are going so far as to aver that they cannot see the slightest resemblance, while others maintain that it is a marvellous, a speaking, likeness. I cannot say that I find it the M. Loubet of everyday life. But when I mentioned this objection to an enthusiastic critic on the speaking likeness side, he looked as if I had given the finishing touch to his conviction. He informed me that the less the portrait was like the person visible to an ordinary observer's eye, the more it was like the real person; for I was told that the examining, critical eye of an artist saw aspects and expressions which, though really the index to the soul and character, are quite lost on the inartistic observer. So now the cabinet portrait of which everyone exclaims, "How good!" "How like!" may not, after all, be the highest and best form of portraiture, but is all that the limited perception, or power of analysis, of the particular operator admitted of his doing.

But perhaps the term picture portrait is most suitably applied to such work as the two examples by Mr. A. Marshall here reproduced, the titles of which, "My Little Dutch" and "The Rose," clearly indicate that they are intended to be quite impersonal. In such figure studies, whether the face only or the entire form be included, the subject becomes little more than a mere vehicle for light and shade, the gradations and contrasts of which the contours of face and features and of the figure so well reveal. Perhaps the photographer's chief difficulty is to rid his figure study of a personal character, and to avoid his work at once prompting the spectator's question, "Who is it?" or "Who was the model?" The clear and precise delineation of each facial detail rather contributes to this misapprehension of the artist photographer's intention, and hence some degree of diffusion of focus and a veiling the face in partial shade are wisely resorted to. Whether in direct portraiture or in a fancy figure study, the amateur commonly errs in the direction of subjecting his model to too fierce a light. He is conscious that with indoor portraiture the vast difference in the light when compared with photography out of doors necessitates a greatly prolonged exposure, and so, in order to minimise this drawback, he is usually found placing his "sitter" close to the window and directing that the face be turned towards the light, so as to secure the maximum amount of illumination on the features. Such a course, however, rarely ends in a satisfactory result. In the first place, the source of light is too near, and is, therefore, insufficiently diffused, the consequence being that, where the light strikes,



A. Marshall.

THE ROSE.

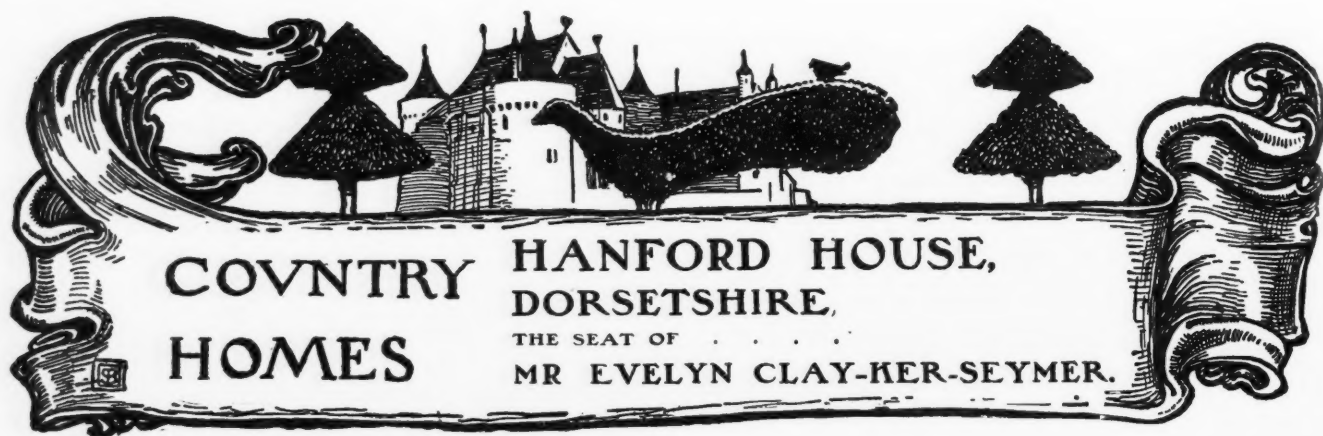
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much detail and gradation is lost, whilst the adjacent shadows are too dark. If now the amateur portrait-maker and his model will change places, the former with his camera taking up his position near the window and with his back to it, the model being placed in the middle of the room, although the loss of light will be considerable, and the necessary exposure greatly increased, yet the lighting will be softer, because more diffused; even then the face should be turned away from the window instead of the gaze directed towards it, and thus the face will be presented with greater roundness, or better modelling, as it is commonly termed. Yet another precaution which, unfortunately, entails a further diminution of light, is to be recommended, and that is to cover the lower part of the window with a curtain, or a sheet of brown paper, so that the light employed to take the portrait falls on the model from above, thus more nearly simulating the top light of a properly-constructed studio.

The posing of the figure, the exposing of the plate and its subsequent development, may all be accomplished with faultless accuracy, and yet all be quite futile in producing a pleasing picture if the lighting has not been well considered and tastefully carried out. Should it, however, be necessary for some definite reason to place the model near the window or other source of light, the harshness of contrast which must inevitably result may be overcome to a great extent by interposing a screen or curtain of some such diaphanous material as "butter muslin," or even tracing-paper. The principle is the same as that with which we are all acquainted, in the case where a naked electric light or incandescent gas is used; all shadows are at once crisply delineated, and so we use opal or frosted glass shades, globes, etc.

There is, after all, something pleasing about the figure study which is enveloped in a certain degree of shadow, for it is in those subtle nuances of the lower tones that the imagination finds scope for its exercise, and the half revealed is ever more beautiful than the wholly confessed, if only for the hope of undiscovered pleasure beneath.

A. HORSLEY HINTON.



A VERY attractive part of the West Country is that in which this dear old Jacobean house stands. The river Stour, flowing down from the high hills in the neighbourhood of Castle Cary, traverses a chalk region intersected by many valleys on its course to Blandford and Wimborne Minster, whence it reaches the sea at Christchurch. In all that district the tourist notices many beautiful seats situated on the hills or in the valleys, including Milton Abbey, Whatcombe House, Steepleton, and Ranston. Among

the work, as at Hanford, there is no cause for anything but satisfaction at what has been done. Here has been seated for centuries the family of Seymer, believed to have a common descent with the ducal house of Somerset; and it is presumed that the Seymers of Hanford held the estate under the abbesses of the neighbouring Cistercian nunnery of Tarrant, which was founded by Ralph de Caneto in the time of Richard I., and re-endowed by Bishop Poore of Salisbury in 1217.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the lands, manor, and the



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NORTH-WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

these, Hanford, which stands some two miles south-east of Hayward Bridge, is distinguished by its quaint, modest, and attractive Jacobean charm. It is an excellent exemplar of an age which gave us much of the best in our domestic architecture, and, as all may see, nothing is wanting to its modern perfection. It has undergone reconstruction, indeed, and one very interesting change made in its internal arrangements has been the roofing-in of the little quadrangular court about which it was built, and the creation thereby of a great hall which is one of the most attractive apartments in the mansion. There may be those who might have preferred to see the house retaining its original character in this respect; but, after all, a house that is to be maintained must be modified to meet the requirements of those who live therein, and when excellent taste and judgment preside over

residence then standing there, with a fishery in the river Stour, were in the occupation of John Seymer, and, after being in the hands of the family of Dacombe, the whole property was sold in Elizabeth's time to John Seymer, who was the father of Sir Robert Seymer, the builder of Hanford House. This Sir Robert was fifth in descent from John Seymer of Hanford, who was living in the reign of Henry V. He was a Teller of the Exchequer, and an important man in his day, being knighted at Whitehall in February, 1619, and he died a few years later. The house was built in the early years of the seventeenth century, and was structurally completed before Sir Robert Seymer's death. The style bespeaks the period, and the date 1623, with the arms of England in a garter, are on a lead pipe of the time.

The character of the house is entirely satisfactory, and the



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PORCH IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

grouping of gables and chimneys, combined with the pleasant hue of the stone of which it is built, have a charm which is not easily described, but which will be conceived from the pictures accompanying this article. The main frontage is on the north-west side, where the entrance is through a quaint round arch, flanked by fluted Doric pilasters rising to a similar arrangement, with a pediment, on the upper level. The mullioned windows and simple adornments complete a very charming effect. Still more attractive

is the north-east front, where are two great and spacious bays, each more than half an octagon, which admit a flood of light through their many-windowed walls. Here again the four gables crown a very picturesque front. There is an illustration also of the south-east side, which is in the same style, and looks out over the quaint garden, with its low walls, pillars, and blocks, all deftly cut in yew by the skilful topiary of a well-directed hand. Here we may note that the surroundings of Hanford are particularly attractive in landscape beauty. The ground rises towards the north and east to a considerable elevation, whose green slopes and masses of trees are pleasant to behold. The planting has been judicious, and from the very beginning Hanford has been in the hands of those who have



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PARTITIONS OF BOX HEDGING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

valued it. The principal entrance is approached by an avenue of horse-chestnuts, and the grounds abound in lime, beech, maple, chestnut, and other trees, many of them of great size, and most of them shapely and beautiful. The delightful green of the acacia adds to the effect of colour, and the dark, level branches of the cedar add a characteristic note to the picture. The chapel, as is not unusual, stands very close to the house, nearly opposite to the hall door, in fact, and we are reminded that in Jacobean and

earlier times it was often but a stone's throw from the place where the knight or the squire dwelt to that in which his bones were to repose. The chapel is a picturesque building with a high gable, pleasant to look at, and within are several memorials of the Seymers.

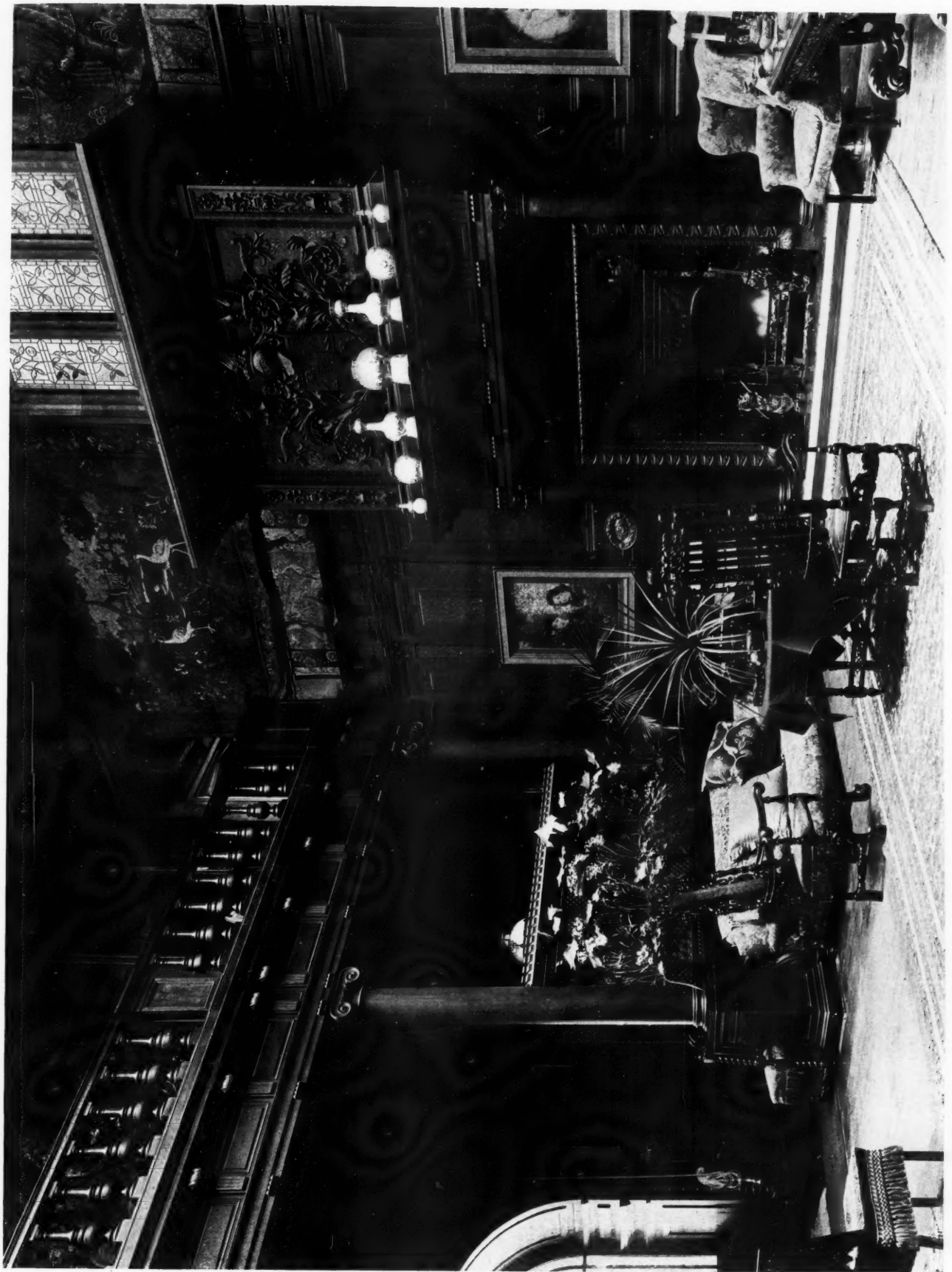
Before we say anything about the interior, it may be well to note the descent of the property. Sir Robert Seymer's elder sons died in their father's lifetime, and the property went to the second son, Henry Seymer, and descended to another Henry Seymer, born in 1690, who married the daughter of Archbishop Wake of Canterbury. Four other Henrys held the property in succession, of whom the second was greatly interested in natural history, and a D.C.L. This Dr. Seymer, who married Grace,



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NORTH-EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE HALL GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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daughter of James Ker of Morriston and Kersfield, County Berwick, did a great deal to beautify the gardens and grounds of Hanford House, which became noted for many precious things that were grown there. He was a member of several societies, and a correspondent of most of the well-known naturalists of his day. His son, who was a Deputy-Lieutenant and High Sheriff in 1810, assumed the additional name and arms of his mother's family by sign manual in 1830. This gentleman's son was Mr. Henry Ker-Seymer, D.C.L., who was High Sheriff of the county in 1842, and represented it in Parliament from 1846 to 1864. His daughter Gertrude became his ultimate heiress, and married, in 1864, Mr. Harry Ernest Clay, who by Royal licence added the name of Ker-Seymer to his own. This gentleman, who was High Sheriff of Dorsetshire in 1877, died in 1899, and from him the present owner, Mr. Evelyn Clay-Ker-Seymer, is descended. The house is at the present time the residence of Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, who treasures and prizes the old Jacobean dwelling-place as it deserves to be prized.

We may now pass through the round-arched entrance, and gain admittance to what was originally the quadrangular court,



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SOUTH-EAST END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and is now, as we have said, and as may be seen from the pictures, an important room of the house. The old porch is still

there as a fine architectural conception, with a moulded round arch, and pillars which have a reminiscence of an earlier time, while it is flanked by fluted Ionic pilasters supporting a sculptured architrave, all much weathered by the blasts and the rains which will now affect it no more. Above are sculptured boldly the arms of the family with their quarterings, and on the top is a couchant lion, just below the old mullioned window, which is filled with modern painted glass. This interior has been wainscoted in large panels, separated from one another by fluted Corinthian pilasters, and a balustraded gallery is supported by Ionic columns. The fireplace and mantel are, of course, modern, but they are in excellent harmony with the character of the place, and the fine tapestry and portraits complete the features of a very attractive and original interior, the date of which is 1604.

To the same period belongs the dining-room, which has a pleasant aspect, its walls covered with embossed leather, and its furniture partly old English and partly richly-sculptured Italian, there being two noble chests with bold scroll carving and graceful amorini. Those who know the qualities and character of fine Renaissance carving will recognise in the pictures the high value of these splendid coffers. In this room hang several family portraits, and, most interesting among them, one of Sir Robert Seymer of Hanford, the builder of the house, in slashed doublet and ruff, wearing a baldric, and having a face which is characteristic, and evidently true to life.

The only other apartment which we shall mention is the billiard-room, which is made very remarkable by its sculptured mantel. Work of this class is well known in nearly every part of England, but there are few more characteristic examples of the style than this mantel at Hanford. Heavy carving of the kind is usually attributed to Germans or Dutchmen who came into England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as carvers and masons, and whose handicraft can be traced very plainly in some places. The Hanford mantel has terminal caryatides, the pedestals curiously carved, and the figures in semi-naturalistic style, while over the opening for the fireplace



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IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

PART OF DINING-ROOM.

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is very singular strapwork carving. An entablature with arabesques is above, and from these rise three shell niches, each with two freely-treated Corinthian columns, and between the niches are two half-length Roman soldiers, in plate and scale armour, with helmets. The whole effect of the carving is most curious, and, though the work cannot be regarded as attractive, it is an exceedingly interesting example of the English Renaissance, strongly influenced by Teutonic taste. Enough has now been said to show that the old house of Hanford, though neither large nor stately, deserves to rank very high among the quaint and attractive Jacobean houses of the West of England.



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AT THE FRONT DOORWAY.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

GREEK HORSEMANSHIP.

TO whom do we owe the fine art of horsemanship? Some "ancient writers of fables" have it that our first teachers were the Amazons; or else those wise pedagogues of Grecian heroes, the Centaurs; or, again, no less a master than the blue-eyed God, Poseidon, lord alike of the untamed sea, and of the horse, his own creation. So the Homeric Hymn acclaims the sea-god: "A double meed of honour have the Gods given thee, O Shaker of the Earth, to be tamer of horses, and saviour of ships."

However this may be, certain it is that, as one of the old English commentators says, "Whoever obliged mankind with the first invention of this art left it very imperfect"; and we may perhaps find some hints, not wholly unserviceable to our own particular imperfections, in the methods of classic horsemanship. That success attended the riding-schools of Greece no one can doubt who has ever looked at the riders of the Parthenon frieze, that long line of splendid cavalry, wherein horse and man are wholly at one in the joy of life and motion.

But the Parthenon frieze gives us the highly-finished rider of the Athens of Pericles and Pheidias—Athens in her glory. What of the earlier days? For those we can turn to the dual horse-race of our illustration, taken from a Greek vase, painted perhaps as early as 600 B.C. In the riders here depicted—stirrupless and yet with no uncertain seat, unhampered by clothes, with hair bound firmly out of the way, and with neither saddle, spur, nor whip—we have as primitive a seat as the greatest apostle of simplicity need wish. May not that absence of all fuss and fidget, of all that stands between the rider and the sensitive, nervous, responsive nature of the horse beneath him, count for something in the evolution of the perfect horsemanship of the Parthenon sculptures? Freedom and ease, the dominant notes of the Greek horseman of the finest period, are here already, though not a little disguised by the unconscious humour of the early vase painter. According to Lucan, some

early tribes dispensed with even a bridle, managing their horses with the voice, a rope, and a switch alone:

"Without a saddle the Massylians ride,
And with a bending switch their horses guide."

And Strabo tells us that "the Numidians, a nation ignorant of the rein," directed their horses by a switch waved over their ears, "with not less effect than the bit." The invention of bits was, according to Statius, accredited to the sea-god:

"Neptune, if we may credit give to fame,
First taught with bits the generous horse to tame."

In Roman days, at least, the bit was a somewhat savage instrument, toothed as with wolves' teeth, and hence called *lupata*. Such a bit Horace mentions in his ode adjuring Lydia not to ruin the future of the young soldier Sybaris, an ode which proves, by the way, that the history of the Gadsbys was not unknown in ancient Rome: "Pray tell me, Lydia, in heaven's name, why haste you by your love to ruin Sybaris? Why does he, well able to endure toil and heat, fly from the Campus? Why rides he not as soldier should, among his peers,

to train his gallic steed, with barbarous bit?" For all the harshness of this sharp-pointed bit of the ancients, their teaching was firm as to a light hand, and gentleness. Throughout his great treatise on horsemanship, we find Xenophon urging, always, patience and gentle dealing. He writes thus of the bit: "Whoever would desire to have a horse of a stately and striking figure to ride must abstain from pulling his mouth with the bit . . . by drawing the mouths of their horses up they blind them when they ought to see clearly before them . . . but if the rider teach his horse to go with the bridle loose, to carry his neck high, and to arch it from the head onwards, he would thus lead him to do everything in which the animal himself takes pride and pleasure." With what care the Greek considered his horse's mouth appears again in Xenophon's instructions, that the groom is "never to lead the horse by the bridle, for this practice makes horses harder on one side of the mouth than on the other"; and also in his injunction to keep the bit from pressing on the jaws, "for if the bit rubs on them too much it renders the mouth callous." It is proper, our author adds, that "the horse should not be irritated when he has work to do." Would that that sentence could be branded on to the minds—or should we say hearts?—of all those senseless modern barbarians who inflict the tight bearing-rein on their horses while they "have work to do."

In Virgilian fancy bit and bridle and horse-trappings savoured but little of Greek simplicity. Here is the description of the horses lent by King Latinus to a departing embassy:

"In lofty stalls three hundred coursers stand
Their shining sides with crimson cover'd o'er,
The sprightly steeds embroider'd trappings wore,
With golden chains, refulgent to behold,
Gold were the bridles, and they champ'd on gold."



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PARTHENON FRIEZE.

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To a rider so caparisoned the horse must have seemed little more than a means of displaying a pretty taste in jewellery and clothes. Saddles being wholly unknown to the ancient world, all

or leather. A similar horse sandal, but made of straw, has been used by the Japanese. The unshod hoof obviously demanded special care, and accordingly we find Xenophon emphatic on this point: "Damp and smooth stable floors injure even naturally good hoofs . . . they should have stones inserted in the ground close to one another, similar to a horse's hoof in size; for such stable floors give firmness to the feet of horses that stand on them." And he gives further instructions for the careful preparation with stones of the ground outside the stable, "to strengthen the frogs of the feet."

The clothing of the ancient rider varies from the bare limbs and flying cloak of some of the Parthenon horsemen to the fully-clothed Amazon, habited in the strange tight-fitting Eastern tunic and trousers, or in short riding breeches. The Athenian youth of the great procession of the Parthenon frieze ride generally in a sleeveless tunic and a cloak, but some have a cloak only; some have high knee-boots, others go barefoot; some wear helmets, some flexible leather caps, others are bareheaded, and one wears the *petasos*, or flapping broad-brimmed hat used by travellers. So little did the picked youth of



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THE DEATH OF THE AMAZON QUEEN.

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riders had perforce to learn the bareback seat, save for such luxuries as a lynx or lion skin; and stirrups being also a late invention (first mentioned by a writer of the twelfth century A.D.), a certain amount of natural freedom of carriage must have belonged to all riders, even to those who, like Tony Johnson, rode on principle. The group of five Amazons, and the wonderful fighting Amazon, sitting firmly with a side-seat, unhelped by saddle or stirrup, from two Greek vase-paintings, here reproduced, bear witness to the poise and grace of the ancient barebacked horsewomen. A curious adjunct to the stable appears on another early Greek vase, where two horses are led, on a long lunging rein, both being muzzled. These muzzles are the subject of a special admonition by Xenophon: "The groom should likewise know that he should put the muzzle (*kemis*) on the horse when he takes him out, whether to be rubbed down or for exercise . . . and whenever he takes him out without a bit he should muzzle him; for the muzzle does not hinder him from breathing, though it prevents him from biting; and when it is on it makes them feel less inclined to play vicious tricks."

No shoes were used for the Greek or Roman horse, but the hoof might be protected from rough ground by a kind of sandal or boot, made of reeds

Athens, in her greatest pride, care for uniformity of clothes, for the precisely "correct," even when riding in the great yearly procession through the streets of the city, as escort to the sacred offering



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AN AMAZON DISMOUNTING.

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ATHENIAN CAVALRY.

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to Athena, to the priests and victims, the noble Athenian maidens, the representatives of Athenian colonies, the city magnates and magistrates, who formed the pageant. The perfect horse, and the perfect skill in horsemanship, were their's; what mattered more or less of cloak or tunic, boots or headgear. To the Greek belonged the true instinct for the things that matter. And yet among the Greeks there walked also men of lesser mind, moved by a quite human vanity on this very point of riding in procession. For does not Theophrastus tell us how it was the mark of a man of petty pride when he took part in a cavalry pageant to give all his garments to a slave to carry home, except only his cloak, in which riding kit he would display himself, walking about the market-place. Human nature is much the same now as in the Athens of 400 B.C., and the spectacle of much gaitered and spurred pedestrians "displaying themselves" is by no means unknown in the present day.

In times when stirrups were unknown—the problem of the mount must have been considerable for the less agile horseman. There is abundant evidence that one method of mounting was to teach the horse to kneel, or lower himself, for his rider. Thus Xenophon says: "When the groom brings the horse to the rider we have no objection that he should know how to make the horse stoop, so that it may be easy to mount him." Such a kneeling horse appears, according to Benndorf, in the beautiful central slab (now in the British Museum) of the frieze on the Phigaleian temple to Apollo the Helper. Here we have the battle of Herakles and the Amazons; and the dying Amazon Queen sinks, caught in the arms of a compassionate Greek soldier, her horse meanwhile kneeling carefully for her to dismount, unwitting of the sore wound of his mistress. So, too, the kneeling horse is interpreted on a splendid, though much-mutilated slab, also now in the British Museum, from the Nereid monument in Lycia. Alexander the Great's famous horse, Bucephalus, appears to have knelt to his master only: "When he was barebacked he would admit only his Tender to mount him; but when he had the King's War-Saddle and the rest of his brave Trappings upon him he would not suffer his former rider to get upon his Back, or any other Person but *Alexander*; and to him he would go down upon his Knees for the King to get into the Saddle." Thus, too, Diodorus Siculus, in the seventeenth century English of that noble folio edition which so well becomes him. An alternative to the horse trained to kneel was the ordinary mounting-block, which some scholars see in two of the slabs of the Parthenon frieze, and to provide which was in Greece part of the business of the overseers of roads. Yet another alternative was the back of a slave, and it was by setting him to this servile task that Sapor degraded the conquered Emperor Valerian—or perhaps one should more fitly say made manifest his own degraded and ungenerous soul.

We could wish that all our modern grooms might be imbued with the spirit of the old Greeks when a nervous horse is entrusted to their hands. Here are Xenophon's instructions for dealing with a shying animal: "When a horse is shy of any object and reluctant to approach it, the rider must try to make him feel that there is nothing terrible in it, especially to a horse of spirit: but if he cannot succeed, the rider must himself touch that which appears so alarming, and lead the

horse gently up to it. As to those who force horses forward with blows in such a case, they only inspire them with greater terror; for they imagine when they suffer any pain at such a time that what they look upon with alarm is some way the cause of it." And again: "It is necessary to bear in mind that everything sudden produces perplexity in a horse." How many so-called vicious, because terrified and exasperated, horses would have borne a different character had they but received such wise and gentle training as that given by the Greek to the highly-strung, spirited horse whom he loved and understood so well. To the lover of horses it must always seem that to understand and manage a horse wisely demands much that is needed for the understanding and management of children. Frightened blindly at the unknown, full of overflowing life, sometimes naughty, needing the discipline of an instant obedience, entering wholeheartedly into the joy of the moment, calling on infinite patience, and responsive to all affection, horse and child have assuredly many qualities in common besides that of utter helplessness under the hand of any violent or stupid human being.

Truly the Greek lad loved his horse, and so sat him nobly. On one of the most beautiful of the Greek vases preserved to us, the cylix painted by Euphronios, now in the Louvre, and which is here reproduced, we have a group of those Greek lads on horseback, such lads as Plato tells us of, not less worthy of praise for their goodness than for their beauty, modest and temperate, trained in an austere perfection. The finished training of the Greek youth has been characterised as possessing dignity, strength, simplicity, reserve. Do not these young horsemen, riding with light rein, lance in hand, show us something of those qualities? For the yet more perfect rendering of the Greek rider we have but to look again at the figures of the great Athenian procession; and standing before that long grey line on the walls of the Parthenon Room, we cannot but re-echo the



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FROM A GREEK VASE.

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words of Mr. Pater: "If a single product only of Hellenic art were to be saved in the wreck of all beside, one might choose, perhaps, from the 'beautiful multitude' of the Pan-Athenaic frieze that line of youths on horseback, with their level glances, their proud patient lips, their chastened reins, their whole bodies in exquisite service."

So wrote the Oxford scholar. We doubt if a better model could be placed before the young English horseman of to-day than the poise, and firm free seat, of those Greek riders, no less than the intimate understanding they were taught to cultivate between horse and man.

G. M. GODDEN.

IN THE GARDEN.

ROSES FOR PERGOLAS.

IN that most useful of all little handbooks, "Pruning Roses," issued recently by the National Rose Society, there is a capital reference to Roses for pergolas, and the proper treatment to give them. We may well make the following quotation: "It is of the first necessity that a pergola should be well clothed, and it is to ensure this result that suitable Roses should be selected, and a proper system of pruning adopted. Among the larger-growing climbing Roses are a select few which are particularly fitted for this purpose. These are varieties which, while rambling far and wide, will clothe the sides as well as the top of the arches. They should be floriferous and of luxuriant foliage, such as the Ayrshires and Sempervivens. Amongst the most perfect pergola Roses are the new Wichuraiana hybrids, a class only recently created. These have close, almost evergreen, foliage, and produce, on long pendulous shoots, numerous bunches of highly-coloured and fragrant flowers. Some are perpetual, all bloom over a period of some weeks; they branch continually from the base, and the laterals hang down with the abandon necessary to a pergola." The list of Roses recommended is as follows: Alpina fl.-pl., Arvensis, Bennett's Seedling, Crimson Rambler, Dundee Rambler, Electra, Felicité Perpétue, Flora, Mme. Plantier, Repens fl.-pl., Ruga, Setigera and its hybrids, Splendens, The Garland, Tea Rambler, and Wallflower. These are summer-flowering varieties. Of the Wichuraiana hybrids the selection is Alberic Barbier, Dorothy Perkins, François Foucard, Gardenia, Jersey Beauty, Paul Transom, Pink Roamer, René André, and Rubra; and of perpetual-flowering varieties, Belle Vichysoise, Climbing Aimée Vibert, Longworth Rambler, Mme. A. Carrière, and Paul's Single White. As the Wichuraiana hybrids always break freely in the new growth, the strong new base shoots will require tying in once or twice during the summer. It is necessary, however, to introduce other Roses for the sake of variety of effect. There are many very useful sorts, which, whilst making rampant growths, become naked at the sides. Many of them, such as Euphrosyne, can be made to clothe the base by cutting back the shoots which spring from that part. The clothing of the base may also be effected by planting with the more rampant variety a companion and dwarfier Rose, whose task it will be to cover the uprights whilst the more vigorous variety runs to the top. The varieties recommended for this purpose are, of summer-flowering varieties: Andersoni, Austrian Briars, Hebe's Lip, Leuchstern, Lucida, Macrantha, Mrs. O. G. Orpen, Rosa Mundi, Rubrifolia, and The Lion; of perpetual-flowering varieties: Amosa (Hermosa), Boule de Neige, Climbing Mrs. W. J. Grant, Comtesse de Turenne (Mme. Wagram), Fellenberg, François Crousse, Gloire des Rosomanes, Gloire Lyonnaise, Gruss an Teplitz, Gustave Regis, and L'Idéal. Some of the taller Teas, such as Marie van Houtte, may be used where they will grow sufficiently well.

SEASONABLE NOTES ABOUT PERGOLA ROSES.

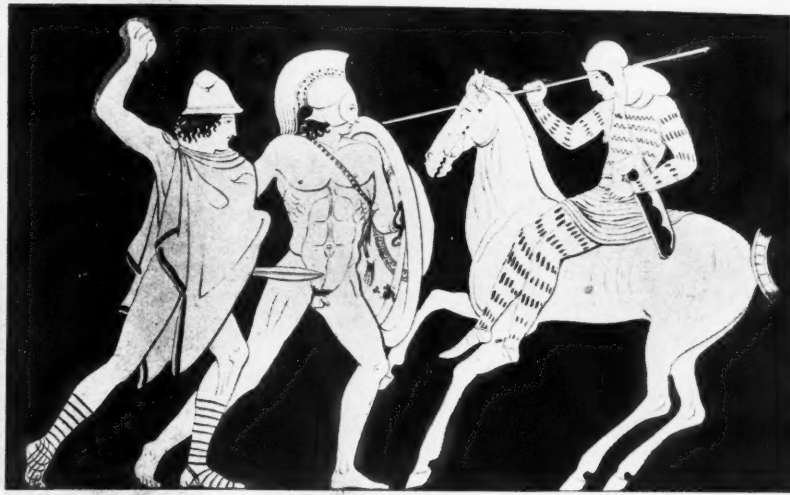
Those who grow climbing Roses are generally perplexed as to the way to prune the plants, and in spite of the advice so often repeated we are frequently asked how to treat the growths when they become entangled through not thinning them out properly in previous years. During the spring after planting, the branches should be shortened according to the size of the plants and the effects of the winter before; the second year thin out carefully, retaining the best shoot of the previous year for the sake of the blooms and the best and strongest base shoots to reach overhead. In most cases where two varieties are to grow together it will probably be best not to plant the dwarfier kind until the second, or even the third, year, so that the taller variety may grow more rapidly and be already developed when the other is planted. It can also then be seen where a companion is needed. When thoroughly established, the plants should be pruned as follows: First the dwarfier kind should be untied from the post; the taller variety should then be dealt with by cutting away all inferior or dead wood, care being taken that the shoots left are not too numerous. At the same time, it is very important that those shoots which will carry some flowers overhead should be retained. When the pruning of the tall kind is completed, and the plant has been trained and retied, then cut and prune back as far as necessary the dwarfier form. Then retie the shoots which are left round the taller companion, avoiding tying too closely, as air and light are the chief factors in causing the lateral

"eyes" to break. As a general rule, Roses on pergolas will require less pruning and more training and tying than is the case with those on ordinary pillars. Roses like the Ayrshires may often be left two or three years practically untouched, when some thinning will become necessary. Flowers and foliage, and plenty of them, are the qualities most to be desired in pergola Roses.

RANDOM NOTES.

Bulbs After Flowering.—Very soon the bulbs that have been grown in pots for flowering in spring will be passing out of bloom, and the question then arises, "What shall be done with them?"

Unless the bulb be of the Sacred Lily type, that is, grown in water, which has the effect of practically destroying the plant, the proper course is to allow the foliage to ripen off, or die down. When this has been done put the bulbs into a sunny place to ripen, and then plant them out, not in the beds, but in rough woodland, or the fringe of shrubberies, or wherever they can be left to permanently establish themselves. Daffodils, Hyacinths, Tulips, Scillas, Chionodoxas, and the majority of bulbs that have been grown in pots may be treated in this simple way. There is no waste, and a fresh charm is given to the wilder parts of the garden when the bulbs flower, which



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AN AMAZON'S SIDE SEAT.

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they will do with delightful freedom in the appropriate season. The great point is to allow the leaves to decay naturally, and this applies not only to bulbs grown in pots, but to those in the open air.

Preparing Plants for Summer Bedding.—Success in the summer garden depends largely on the condition of the plants to be put out, that is, they must be strong in growth, hardy, and not weakened by too much artificial warmth. Many of the things used in summer bedding are exotic, and must be gradually inured to cooler conditions, until at planting time they are able to withstand any unsatisfactory weather that may arise. Tuberous Begonias, Geraniums, Ageratums, Calceolarias, and such things as the Castor Oil Plant must all undergo this preparatory hardening off. It is not advisable to allow the plants to flower during the early stages of growth. All the strength possible should be reserved for the outdoor display. A well-known gardener writes: "I find it very convenient, and the means of avoiding mistakes, to mark out the spaces for masses and lines, and indicate by means of labels the contents of each bed before beginning to plant out. Where 'carpet bedding' is indulged in it is more than necessary that the tracing should be worked out on paper before attempting it on the ground. Success in bedding out depends upon proper method and arrangement."

The Bay.—From now onwards much pruning and cutting of shrubs and trees is done. Where a close-pruned, round-headed or any other shaped monstrosity is fancied the unoffending Bay is frequently the victim. It cheerfully bears almost any amount of cutting, even if performed four or five times a year, and even under these conditions the freshness of its fragrant foliage almost vies with that of the Holly. In the formal garden something may, perhaps, be said in extenuation of these mutilations, but in many cases these unnatural lumps of greenery occur in shrubberies amongst free-growing shrubs of graceful outline, and are totally out of character. If a shrub is so placed that it cannot be permitted to fully develop, and removal is out of the question, its size may easily be regulated by cutting away—usually at the base—whole branches, and something at least of its natural habit is retained. To everyone who is only acquainted with the Bay as a clipped subject, its appearance when allowed to grow unfettered is a revelation. It is a graceful, attractive tree, upwards of 20 ft. in height, and as much through, well furnished, and usually broadly pyramidal in outline. In warm localities its twigs are now smothered with fragrant flowers of yellowish colour, which, although individually inconspicuous, are very attractive as a mass. Such branches when used with floral decorations are very effective, and have a pleasant fragrance. If the two sides are planted near together a mass of dark purple shining berries of the size of wild Cherries will be an attraction during autumn. Cuttings root readily if inserted in sandy soil and placed in a close-shaded frame or under a bell-glass. Occasionally severe frosts cut the Bay tree almost to the ground, but it almost invariably grows again from the base. Where its hardiness is doubtful, it is wise to plant on a well-drained gentle slope.

Cinerarias at Farnham Royal.—It is always a pleasure to visit the nursery of Messrs. W. J. James and Son at Farnham Royal in the time of the Cinerarias, when the houses are a blaze of colour from the hundreds of plants which, in the sunny days of April and May, are in perfect bloom. We have never seen a more gorgeous display than is there at the present moment. One large house contains only a white variety, and there is a surface of absolute purity, each plant a mound of flowers as white as a snowdrift, if it were not for a violet centre which gives a pleasant contrast. Another house is as blue as the Gentian on the mountain-side, sometimes the flowers reaching enormous proportions without shocking one with a sense of abnormal development. Then there are forms with flowers of blue colouring but white in the centre, clear pink rose, and crimsons of wonderful depth of colouring. It is almost painful to wander through these clouds of gorgeous colouring, so intense are the various shades; but, of course, plants so well

grown, leafy, and luxuriant in all ways are a joy in the greenhouse or in bold decorations. Messrs. James have also the starry or stellata group, and a white variety is the essence of grace and purity, dainty flowers on tall spreading and bending stems, a strange contrast to the dwarfer plants of more brilliant shades; but we desire both in our plant-houses.

The Blue Primrose.—In many gardens the Blue Primrose is grown in pretty ways, but it is never so well placed as when planted against moss-covered stones. The colour of the flower is not a pure blue, but is sufficiently so to merit the description, the flowers having a decided shade of purple or

reddish purple. Unfortunately, the colour is not always constant, the plants the second year frequently showing flowers of quite a crimson shade, the reason for this being undoubtedly the influence of seedlings of other flowers in the near neighbourhood. It is essential in most cases to keep flowers of a certain colour quite apart from others of the same race, that is, if the variety is required to come true from seed. The time for the sowing and dividing of Primroses is approaching. Sow the seed when it is ripe, and after flowering is over divide the tufts to give an increased stock. Primroses, Polyanthus, and the bunch forms are a joy in the spring garden.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

AN appreciative notice in COUNTRY LIFE some weeks ago drew attention to a paper by the present writer in *Longmans' Magazine*, discussing the changes which have come over village life during the last seventy years. If it is not too late to return to the subject, some further evidence which I have recently obtained may be of interest, not, indeed, because it is new (in point of fact it does little more than confirm my own inferences), but because it is the testimony of an eye-witness, so to speak, who never read a magazine article in his life, and had no temptation to surmise where he did not know. Of my informant, Bettesworth, I have written elsewhere; here it will suffice to explain that he is one of the old inhabitants of this parish, a labourer of seventy, illiterate, but of vast experience, who is now wearing out his remaining years as gardener in my employment, and condescends to talk to me as if I were as good a man as himself.

One rainy morning he was clearing up the tool shed. An old wooden bucket which had long been lying about in the way caught my eye, and at my suggestion it was broken up then and there. As the axe staved in its rickety sides, and a rusty iron hoop clinked to the ground, Bettesworth said, "The old bucket's done for now." With the words, a queer sentiment of regret seized me—another link with the past seemed destroyed, and the old man, too, seemed to feel it; for speaking still of the bucket he continued meditatively, "I dessay he seen a good deal o' brewin' in his time. But there en't much on it done now," he added. "A good many men used to make purty near a livin' goin' round brewin' for people. Brown's in Church Street" (of the neighbouring town) "used to be a rare place for 'em. Dessay you knows—there's a big yard there; and then they had some good tackle, and plenty o' room for firin'. Mapeys, Figgs, Alldens"—he named a few leading townfolk who made use of Brown's yard and tackle.

Remembering my subject, I woke up to the possibility of disclosures, and asked, "Did not the village people also brew?"

Bettesworth shook his head. "I never knowed none much—only this sugar beer."

"But surely they grew hops?"

"Oh, yes, every garden used to have a few hills o' hops. But 'twan't very often they brewed any malted beer. Now'n again one'd get a peck o' malt; but generally 'twas this 'ere sugar beer. 'Relse I've brewed—over here at my old mother-in-law's—'cause she had the tackle, ye see; and so I have gone over there when I've killed a pig, to salt 'n."

I suggested, "I suppose you wouldn't know how to brew now?" And the answer came with a smile, "No, I don't s'pose I should." I rejoined, "Well, everybody, it seems, used to brew at one time."

"Ah, and so they did bake their own bread. They'd buy some flour—"

"They didn't grow their own corn, then?"

"Sometimes. Yes, I have growed corn as high as my own head—when I rented that garden back o' your house. My old gal and me, after hoppin' was over, we'd buy some flour, enough to last us through the winter; and then with some taters, and a pig salted down, I'd say, 'There, we no call to starve, let the winter be what it will.' Well, taters, ye see, didn't cost nothin', and then we always had a pig. You couldn't pass a cottage at that time that hadn't got a pig-sty. . . . And milk, too. Why, of a mornin' there used to be as many as fifty cows go off up the valley right into the Holt Forest, and back again at night. That was before the enclosure of the common. Boys'd go with 'em to look after 'em; but they didn't want no lookin' after. They'd part o' themselves and find their way 'ome. 'Tis use, ye know." The old man finished pensively, perhaps thinking of his own boyhood.

"Then the people had plenty of milk?" I asked.

"Yes, and butter, too. My sister-in-law over here used to carry two pails o' milk to the town every day."

I had heard as much before, and interrupted with further questions, to know if the people used the milk themselves, or did they sell it all away in the town?

"Well, there wasn't so many cottages here then as there is now, ye see; and what they couldn't sell here they'd sell in the town."

He had missed my point, that milk is food and drink—a thing of which I am not sure that he is convinced; so I put it to him again, "Did they never drink it themselves?" And his answer showed that he failed to understand.

"Well, ye see," he said, "there wa'n't hardly any tea drunk then. 'Tused to be fipence an ounce. . . . And sugar was dear, too; well, fo'pence you'd pay, and that wa'n't hardly good enough for tea; and thruppence was the cheapest there was. I've knowed people put a little burnt bread into water—toast, ye know—and a little sugar with it, and drink that instead o' tea. You'd go for a week without tea—well, look at the price of it. And bread I've knowed at two and tuppence; and meat—instead o' meat people'd mash up some taters and get some suet at the butcher's and cook, or butter, p'r'aps—'cause butter didn't cost much—and pour over the taters, and that done instead o' meat. People didn't have meat, not unless they'd killed a pig. They didn't earn no money then—wages wa'n't no more 'n nine or ten shillin's a week."

I suggested that they needed less, when they did so much more for themselves than now.

"Oh, yes," he assented, "they done a good deal for themselves. And then there was the common, where you could keep a cow, and go out and cut turf and git firin'. Most of the fir timbers for these old places, same as this shed, used to be cut on the common. There wa'n't nobody to say nothin' to ye. And then there was milk, and butter, and bread. . . . But 'twas poor money. The first farmhouse I went to I never had but thirty shillin's and my grub."

"Thirty shillings in how long?"

"'Twal-month. And I had to pay my washin' and buy my own clothes out o' that."

"Ready-made clothes?"

"Yes. That was always same as 't is now. Well, there was these round frocks, you'd get 'em" (home-made, he meant). "My sister-in-law over here and her mother—they used to earn half a livin' at makin' o' 'em. . . . You'd buy the stuff—and then she'd charge eighteenpence for makin' 'em; that was always her price; or if you had much work in 'em, two shillin's."

"Much fancy work, do you mean?"

"The gaugin', you know, about here." He spread his hands over his chest. "Most men got 'em made—their wives'd make 'em. Some women, o' course, if they wasn't handy with the needle, 'd get somebody else to do 'em. . . . They was warmer 'n anybody'd think. And if you bought brown stuff, 'tis surprisin' what a lot o' rain they'd keep out. One o' them, and a woollen jacket under it, and them yellow leather gaiters right up your thighs—you could go out into the rain. . . . But 'twas a white round frock for Sundays. . . ."

From this point the talk wandered—I could not get it back—away to other matters, that may be worth recalling some other time perhaps, but have nothing to do with my present subject. Only once we seemed to touch upon it again, in a digression (of which I hardly remember the details) about the boys who used to tend the village cows. They were paid so much for every cow. "Some of 'em didn't earn much—if they didn't get no more'n four or five cows. But some of 'em 'd get fourteen or fifteen, and then their money 'd make a purty little week of it. And see they boys race, too, if there was a new cow, to see who could get her!"

At last, "Queer old times," I murmured, as I was turning away.

"Yes," Bettesworth agreed. "A good many wouldn't be able to tell ye how they did bring up a family o' children, if you was to ask 'em. 'Twas rough livin'. But I dunno—people used to look as strong and jolly as they do now."

Did they, I wonder. Not seeing how to test the truth of that opinion, I left the old man to clear up the pieces of the broken bucket, and set myself to write out his talk while the memory of it was fresh. And as it was recorded then, so it is reproduced here, with a few omissions, indeed, but with nothing added. In another decade or so there will be no man left to relate these things from his own experience; and it is surely worth while to record, while there is yet time, the very words of those who can tell of England as it was so lately, but will never be again.

GEORGE BOURNE.

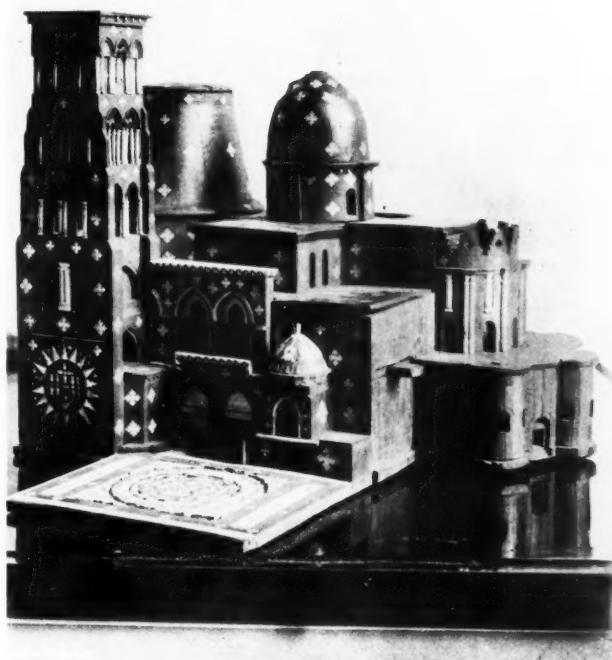
THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

FLUSHED with victory, bare-footed, and singing hymns of praise for the downfall of the infidel, the conquering Crusaders entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem in the year 1099. Finding it too small for their numbers and too insignificant for their taste, they enlarged and beautified it; and thus it remained with but little alteration until the disastrous fire of 1808, when almost all the eastern portion of the building was consumed, when the great dome fell in, crushing beneath it the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, and the marble columns and images were calcined and reduced to powder. That the model here shown represents the church not as it appears at the present day, but as it stood prior to this terrible destruction, adds interest to the picture, especially for those who may have recently visited the Holy Land, and who can compare the church as they have seen it with that which formerly existed.

Made of olive-wood, inlaid with ivory and mother-o'-pearl, this wonderful model is the reputed work—a work of labour and of love—of holy men in a monastery at Jerusalem. It is carefully preserved by its present owner, Captain George Pearson of Stoke Albany House, Market Harborough, whose ancestor, Mr. Ashby, a Turkish merchant, brought it to England in the seventeenth century, and who handed it down as a rare possession to his descendants. A fac-simile of this model is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and the writer believes there are two others in existence.

In the first illustration is seen the outside of the building, with its domes, its tower for the bells, its flat roofs, on which the four points of the compass are shown by the words "Meradies," "Oriens," "Septemtrio," "Ponens," inlaid in ivory. These roofs and domes being removed, the interior, with all its wonderful relics, is exposed to view, as shown in the second picture.

A parchment scroll (a legible copy of which is appended) accompanies the model, and gives, in ancient writing and quaint spelling, a full description of each part of the building. These are numbered to correspond with numbers on the model, making it easy to follow the plan and to find the various chapels, shrines, and sepulchres within the walls. That many of these no longer exist must be a matter of regret. The tombs of "Godfrey and Baldwin, Christian Kings," which formerly stood in the south transept close to the great south entrance, disappeared after the fire, whilst others, no doubt, fell a prey to the flames. In the centre of the Rotunda, whose dome formerly rested on twelve large columns, but which now has eighteen piers carrying a clerestory with a dome open at the top, still stands the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, just as it did of old, its western end polygonal and its eastern end square. Here is performed that strange rite of "Holy Fire" which celebrates the Greek Easter, when the huge building is packed, with pilgrims, thousands encircling the shrine and thousands lining the walls, whilst between these two masses of humanity a lane is formed and kept open by Turkish soldiers. Dean Stanley thus describes this



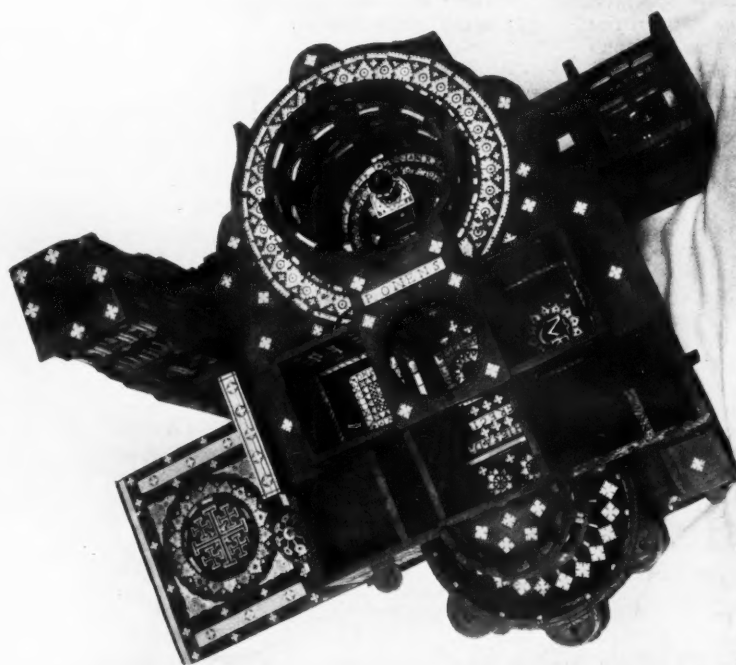
Mrs. Delves Broughton.

THE MODEL.

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curious scene: "It is about noon when this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run round the sepulchre a certain number of times the fire will not come. Possibly, also, there is some reminiscence of the funeral games and races round the tomb of an ancient chief. Accordingly, the night before, and from this time forward for two hours, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leapfrog, round and round the Holy Sepulchre. . . . Some are dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked, one usually preceding the rest as a fugleman, clapping his hands, to which they respond in like manner, adding also wild howls, of which the chief burden is: 'This is the tomb of Jesus Christ!' 'God save the Sultan!' 'Jesus Christ has redeemed us!'"

By and by the course is cleared for the procession, in which embroidered banners are carried; it files three times round the Sepulchre. At the third round the Turkish soldiers join in, and consent to be driven out of the building, yielding to the superstition that the descent of the Holy Fire is delayed by their presence. A wild confusion follows as the crowd closes in, banners topple over, bishops and priests fly; but by this time the "Bishop of Fire" has gained the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre and the door is shut. Close to the hole in the wall stands a priest ready to catch the fire, which is presently ignited, as the pilgrims believe, by God Himself descending upon the Holy Tomb. Every upraised hand amongst that mighty multitude holds a taper, and one by one they catch the light till the whole assembly seems on fire, till the atmosphere becomes unbearably oppressive, and a wild rush is made towards the entrance. Then through their midst "the Bishop" is carried out of the chapel in triumph on the



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THE ROTUNDA AND SHRINE FROM ABOVE.

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shoulders of the people in a fainting state, to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty from Whose immediate presence he is supposed to come."

COPY OF PARCHMENT SCROLL.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE RELIQUES WHICH ARE IN THE TEMPLE OF THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST, IN JERUSALEM.

1. The great gate of the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre.
2. The tower for the bells.
3. The Abissines Chapel.
4. The chapel of the Holy Mountain Calvary. Where stood the Virgin Mary when they crucified our Saviour, Jesus Christ. It is in the hands of the Franciscan fathers.
5. The place and stone where our Saviour was anointed before his burial.
6. The sepulchres of Godfrey and Baldwin, Christian Kings.
7. The sepulchres of other Kings and Christian Princes.
8. The place where the Virgin Mary stood when our Saviour was anointed.
9. The stairs which lead to the Armenians.
10. The Armenians' habitation.
11. The Armenians' Church.
12. The Armenians' Altar.
13. The gate which leads to the Abyssines.
14. The ancient caves which they see in this place.
15. The sepulchres of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus.
16. The gate which leads to the Syrian Church.
17. The stone on which the Angel appeared to the two Marys and said: "He is risen, He is not here."
18. The Holy Sepulchre of our Saviour on which no nation can say masses except the Franciscans.
19. The Greek Altar.
20. The Greek Church.
21. The place in the midst of the said church where they say is the midst of the world.
22. The icon of the said church.
23. The crucifix in the said church.
24. The altar in the said church.
25. The gate which leads to the common cistern.
26. The place where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene in manner of a gardener.
27. Mary Magdalene's Chapel belonging to the Franciscans.
28. The gate where they enter the Franciscan Church.
29. The place where a dead man was raised again by virtue of the Holy Cross.
30. The altar in the said church belonging to the Franciscans where is the pillar where our Saviour was whipped, and a piece of the pillar of Repworth and of the Holy Sepulchre.
31. The great altar of the said church where is kept the Holy Sacrament.
32. An altar in the said church where for a time was part of the Holy Cross.
33. The gate which leads to the Franciscan habitation.
34. The gate which leads to the necessary houses.
35. The chapel where they say our Saviour was in prison, in the Greek possession.
36. The gate which leads to the Greek Church.
37. The chapel entyled "Longinus," which belongs to the Armenians.
38. The chapel of the dividing our Saviour's garments, in the hands of the Armenians.
39. The gate which descends to St. Helena's Chapel which is in the hands of the Armenians and the gate where St. Helena found the "Holy Crosses," which is in the hands of the Franciscan fathers.
40. The chapel where was a part of the pillar of Repworth. It was the Abyssines, but at present it is in the hands of the Greeks.
41. The gate that leads to the Greek Church.
42. The stairs that lead to the Holy Mountain Calvary.
43. The bridge which passeth by the said stairs to the Holy Mountain Calvary.
44. The cleft in the rock of the Holy Mountain Calvary, which opened when our Saviour gave up the Ghost.
45. The hole where was fixed the Holy Cross with our Saviour.
46. The place where our Saviour was crucified.
47. (obliterated).
The Virgin was when they crucified our Saviour.

SALOME.

BY ELEANOR G. HAYDEN.

THERE could be no doubt of the fact that Salome—who was known as Saylom among her acquaintances, and Sal among her intimates—was possessed of what is euphemistically termed "a temper," which means, of course, that this trait in her character was distinguished less by a "sweet reasonableness" than by force and vigour. Dick Townsend had oral demonstration both of its quality and quantity ere he had been many weeks in the village. He was strolling beside the cool murmuring stream one hot Sunday afternoon in June, when becoming drowsy like the rest of the world, save only the sun, which shone with unabated energy, he laid himself down behind a shady thicket and fell into a doze. He was roused some time later by the sound of voices near at hand. A woman was apparently delivering herself, in the direct and vivid phraseology that marks an exalted frame of mind, of her opinion respecting her companion, whose stammered apologies and excuses she brushed away like so many cobwebs.

"When I promised to let 'ee walk wi' ma, I thought you was a quiet, well-behaved young man as knowed how to treat a poor friendless orphing girl"; she wound up by saying, "but you be no better'n you ought to be simly, an' I reckon I've had anuff o' your comp'ny. You needn't call fur me nex' Sunday."

"Dang ma if ever I comes anighst 'ee agen," cried the worm, turning too late; "there be plenty moor wenchas as 'ull be pl'ased to walk out wimma an' won't scrat arraone's eyes out fur nothen. I dwunno how I've put up wi' your naesty temper sa long—I dwun't," and with this parting shaft the discomfited youth made good his retreat.

Dick waited until the rustle of his footsteps had died away ere he emerged into the open. On the grassy bank above the stream sat a girl whom he knew well by sight, and to whom he had made a few tentative advances, which had been haughtily repulsed. Her handsome features were flushed, her eyes gleamed darkly.

"Who be you, an' what d'ee mean by list'nin' an' spyin' where you wasn't wanted?" she demanded.

"I'm Dick Townsend as works on the railroad an' lodges at Bates," he answered imperturbably. "I come round the brook for peace an' quiet; who be you, an' what d'ee mean by spoilin' my Sunday artemnoon nap?"

Salome gasped; this young man was little less impudent than the one she had dismissed. "I'm Saylom Woodley," she replied, too much astonished to resent his enquiries, "the servant girl at Sladens. Me an' Thomas Short as I 'lows to walk wi' me, come out for a turn, an'—an'—"

"You've sent him to the rightabout. Oh, Saylom Woodley, what a sad temper you've got."

"I can't help my temper," she returned sulkily; "I was barked wi' it, an' Thomas had no bizniss to put it up."

Dick seated himself upon the bank at a respectful distance.

"What did poor Thomas do to offend 'ee?"

She blushed to the roots of her hair. "He—he--wanted—to—gimma—a kiss."

"Ha' you bin walkin' wi' him long?"

"Six months or more."

Dick burst into a laugh. "An' d'you tell me this is the first time he's wanted to? Lord, what a poor-spirited chap he must be! You're lookin' out for someone else to walk wi' now, then, Saylom?"

"I ain't a-goin' to ha' no more to doin' wi' men," was her dignified announcement.

He chuckled. "Oh, you ain't, ain't you?" And before she knew what was happening, he caught her round the waist and kissed her red lips. "I allus think it's best to start how you means to go on," he remarked coolly. "You an' me will keep comp'ny, Sal, an' if you flies into rages wi' me like you did wi' poor Thomas, why, I shall just stop your mouth agen—an' agen."

"So you've a-took on Saylom," remarked the discarded swain to Dick a week or two later. "I'd fight 'ee if you wurn't sa much bigger nor me. But lor' bless my soul—you'll soon ha' had anuff o' her! She's a deal too tempery for the likes o' you. When you be out mebbe I shall be back in."

"Don't you make no mistake, my son; we means stickin'. I ain't goin' to let her slip through my fingers same as you did. 'Pon my life I'm sorry for 'ee; I believe you'd go back to her tomorrow if she'd have 'ee."

"Sa help ma God, that I 'ud. I likes her ter'ble, fur all she's the sart o' ooman to drive a chap to drink an' then fling in his face as a went to public."

Salome showed no sign of goading her present lover to so desperate a course. The outbursts in which from time to time she indulged provoked swift retaliation on Dick's part, so that for her dignity's sake she was fain to curb her tongue and to exercise an unwonted degree of self-control. Thomas's hopes grew dim as he watched the smooth course of his rival's wooing, and listened while Salome dilated on the "home" Dick promised to provide, and by which the girl, born in a workhouse, set such store.

"He sez if we can't find a house we can make a beginnin' in lodgin's," she confided to her quondam suitor; "but I says I 'udn't never agree to that—'twudn't be a home. He sez there ain't a house to be got fur miles round, but I tells 'un I shall tek a place away from here an' then if he wants ma, he'll find a house quick anuff. When a man can see arraone every Sunday he don't care sa much about gett'n wed, 'ee know," and she laughed, secure in the certainty of Dick's affection.

"I'd ha' got a house fur 'ee if I'd had to build 'un wi' my own hands," quoth Thomas, reproachfully. "Ah Sal, he won't never love 'ee better nor I do. 'Twas crool 'ard to turn ma off fur wantin' a kiss. I 'udn't mind laying my best Sunday breeches Dick didn't wait three months afore he had one."

"You knows nothen about it," she cried, with a fine blush.

"An' to tek up wi' 'un the very nex' Sunday—'twas 'ard—crool 'ard."

"Oh, get away, do," cried Sal, suddenly coming to an end of her patience, "an' find another girl as you said there was such a plenty on. I shall be glad to leave this place, that I shall, for to see you gloomin' about wi' your long face is anuff to mek arraone wish theirselves dead, an' you too."

It was, in fact, partly to escape from Thomas's reproaches, but still more in order, as she hoped, to spur her lover to greater effort on behalf of that "home" for which she longed, that Salome, sorely against Dick's wishes, decided to take a situation some ten miles from the village.

"Good-bye, my girl," he said, as he saw her and her box safely aboard the carrier's cart; "I shall come an' fetch you back afore long, for I shan't be able nohows to get through the summer wi'out 'ee."

"I'll come back d'reckly minnit you finds a house, my dear," replied Sal, who began now to be troubled by misgivings concerning the wisdom of her move. She had set him a more difficult task than she was aware. Owing to the proximity of the railway, houses were at a premium, and though Dick scoured the neighbourhood, he could not discover a suitable dwelling within walking distance of his work. At length fate or Providence threw a chance in his way. He wrote to Salome saying he had found a cottage and that he should put in the banns next Sunday, and in proof of his resolution he enclosed the wedding-ring for her to take care of! Farmer Sladen, in whose service she had formerly lived, promised to give the wedding dinner, and, save for one small cloud no bigger than a man's hand, Dick's horizon looked bright as heart could desire.

"Sims more like a hundred years nor six months sence you went away," he said, bestowing a hearty embrace upon his sweetheart as he lifted her down from the carrier's cart. "I ain't never goin' to part from you agen, arter to-morra, mind, never no more," and Salome smiled.

"Don't you make too sure o' that, mister," she responded, with what was, for her, a very passable attempt at coquetry. "An' now which way is it to the home as you've got ready, my dear?" was her question when the box containing her wedding finery had been deposited at the farm; "I'm just achin' to see it."

"You'll ha' to wait till to-morra fur that."

"Nonsense, I ain't a-goin' to wait—come along d'reckly minnit," and she took his arm, as he still hung back.

"The cheers an' tables won't run away," he urged; but Salome would not be denied. His obvious reluctance only stiffened her determination. "Well, if you must, you must," he said at last, wearied by her importunity. He led the way along the village street towards a pretty, creeper-clad cottage that stood in a garden a few yards from the road. Salome's smiles had vanished, Dick no longer whistled. The little cloud was gathering and spreading; already it had begun to dim their sunshine. It darkened Salome's eyes as she glanced round the clean, well-furnished kitchen into which Dick ushered her.

"Robert Alder's house," she muttered, "an'—an'—yes, 'tis poor Susan Alder's furniture. What's the meaning o' this, Dick—ha' you bought it all?"

"Bought it; why I should ha' had to be made o' money, my girl," he laughed, though his heart sank as he watched her brow contract and her lips tighten. "It's this way, you see. Susan had to go to hospital, poor soul, an' Robert was sent down the line on a job, so they was glad anuff to let me the house for—for a couple o' months." The explanation which had seemed reasonable yesterday sounded miserably lame under Salome's hard gaze.

"Where be we goin' when they comes back?" she demanded.

"By that time we shall ha' found a place o' our own," he returned, with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling.

She stood a minute, scorched by the flame of rage that swept over her. "You've deceived ma," she began in a low tone, clutching at the shred of self-control she had acquired during the past year—"you've tricked ma, but I'll try to— Oh!" breaking into a sudden wild cry, "it must come out! I can't kip it in—I can't!" Her passion leapt up and wrapped her about, so that she knew neither what she said nor did. All that she could remember afterwards was the vision of a white rigid face seen through a red mist; of the burning words she had poured from her tongue she did not retain the faintest memory.

When she came to herself, she was alone in the darkening kitchen. She quitted the house, locked the door, and, putting the key in her pocket, took her way with head erect to the farm. "There wun't be no weddin' to-morra," she said to Thomas, whom she met in the street. He opened his mouth to speak, but she passed, leaving him agape.

"Lor-a-massy, you're as good as his wife!" exclaimed Mrs. Sladen, to whom she communicated the same intelligence. "I never heard tell o' no one breakin' off the marriage arter they'd been called three times. I misdoubts me as you can do't."

Upon this point, however, Salome had not any misgivings, and there was no wedding on the morrow. Dick, after hanging about for a week, vainly endeavouring to get speech of her, disappeared from the village, while Salome remained on at the farm until she should find another place. The present was Thomas Short's opportunity; evenings and Sundays he haunted the spots where Salome was likely to be seen. When they met, however, the dumb misery in her eyes drove all thoughts of self out of his mind, and he could only show his love by a silent sympathy, for which she was grateful. Slowly and heavily the days dragged past. More than one letter came for her, which she dropped into the fire unread. Robert Alder's house was still unoccupied, though poor Susan had died in the hospital and her husband's "tempor'y job" had proved permanent. Salome never passed the snug little dwelling without a shiver.

Dick had been gone nearly two months when a stranger came to the farm one afternoon. "Do Dick Townsend's wife live 'ere?" he asked. Half mechanically, scarce realising what she said, Salome answered in the affirmative. The man looked with interest at her handsome gipsy face, over which a painful flush had spread. "Maybe you's her?"

"Yes," she said again, hiding her left hand beneath her right.

"He's bin workin' on the line near Broadgate an' has fell ill; doctor sez he might get better or he mightn't. He wants bad to see his wife, so the comp'ny's sent me up to fetch you. Can you be ready to start at eight o'clock this evening?"

Salome steadied herself against the doorpost. The conflict in her breast between love and pride was sharp.

"I wun't go," she said, at length, raising her head. "He deceived me, an' I wun't ha' no more to doo wi' him."

"But the poor chap's ill an' wants you! Surely you'd never be sa crool—"

"Yes, I would! He must want, and you can tell him so!" With that she shut the door upon further expostulation. "As like as not 'tis on'y another o' his tricks to get ma down there," she remarked, as she went about her duties. "I'm glad, h'wever, that I ha'n't bin fooled this time!" So glad was she that, when the afternoon's work was done, she stole out to the orchard to indulge in a quiet cry—of pleasure! There Thomas found her, after searching kitchen, "back-place," and yard.

"Is't true what the man sez—as you wun't go wi' 'un?" he asked, tremulously.

"Aye, 'tis true anuff."

"Then I think you be a wicked, onthankful ooman," he returned.

Salome sat up in her surprise. "What d'ee mean?"

"When the Lard sends 'ee a chanst o' mendin' the mischief your ter'ble temper's done, you goes an' throws it back at 'Un. I didn't think it o' you, Saylom."

"D'you want me to go to 'un, then?"

Thomas hesitated. "If so be as ther' was any chanst o' you takin' up wi' me—but—but—you could never keer about me along o' Dick. An' you're as good as his wife; you loves 'un—go back to 'un, Sal."

She flung herself down and buried her face in the grass. "Oh! I loves 'un; I loves 'un as my own soul! I'd run all the way to 'un on my naked feet—if—he hadn't deceived ma!"

"That's—tha-at's it," blubbered Thomas, who was crying in sympathy; "you wants everybody to be perfect 'cept yourself. You may have your tempers, as is anuff to drive a man to drink fur the rest o' his days; but I mustn't do this, an' Dick must do t'other. All in your way, else we be wrong."

"He didn't ought to ha' said he'd a home when he hadn't," she sobbed.

"No, a-course he didn't ought to; an' a-course you was quite right to drive 'un to't by swearin' you 'udn't marry 'un 'cept at your own pleasure! 'Twas the on'y house fur miles roun', an' it's stood empty ever since; but that don't put you in the wrong—no, a-course not."

"I wishes I could die," wailed Salome.

"'Tis Dick as is a-goin' to do that, an' you as is goin' to live misrable. Get up"—shaking her by the shoulder—"get up, I tells 'ee, an' put your things in a bundle. I be gwine to find that railway chap an' say you'll be ready to start at eight o'clock."

Infected by his energy, she sprang to her feet. "What's come over 'ee, Thomas? I've never seen you like this afore. If you'd mastered ma an' taken what you wanted that Sunday when you asked for a kiss, I shouldn't never ha' given you the go-by."

"Don't you think I knows that as well as you now, my dear? There, make haste an' put up your clothes. I can't a-be'r to see you lookin' sa wretched."

"'Tis a good job as you come to a better mind," said the railway man, as they were whirled through the summer night. "Twud ha' bin a pity if your husban' had died wi'out seein' you."

"He ain't a-gwine to die; I won't let him," was her fierce retort.

"Aye, that's it; hope for the best. I'd a hard matter to

find you, missus. Two or three women I asked in the village would have it Dick wasn't married. If it hadn't been for a short young feller wi' a white face, same as come to tell me you was goin' arter all, I should be wanderin' round there still a-lookin' for you."

"What did he say?"

"He swore as Dick's wife lived up at the farm. Knowed her well, he said. I s'pose he's right?" with a glance at her left hand, on which a wedding-ring now gleamed.

"Aye, he's right, is Thomas," she answered, and relapsed into silence.

That night journey lived in Salome's memory as a fevered dream. She had never travelled by rail before, and the rapid motion, the roar with which they shot the bridges, the inky blackness and the thunder of the tunnels, the glaring lights of the stations, with the dark moving figures below, formed in her brain a weird phantasmagoria, while ever cold at her heart lay the dread lest she should arrive too late. When at length in the grey dawn she stood beside Dick's bed, and looked down on his face,

white as she had last seen it, but, oh, how pinched and drawn, she gave an exceeding bitter cry.

"He's dead—he's dead, an' I can never tell 'un as I didn't mean 't!"

Her voice pierced the shadows amid which he lay. He opened his eyes and smiled feebly at her.

"Missus," he whispered, as his weak fingers sought hers, "I was a-feared you 'udn't come. I wun't never deceive 'ee agen, my dear."

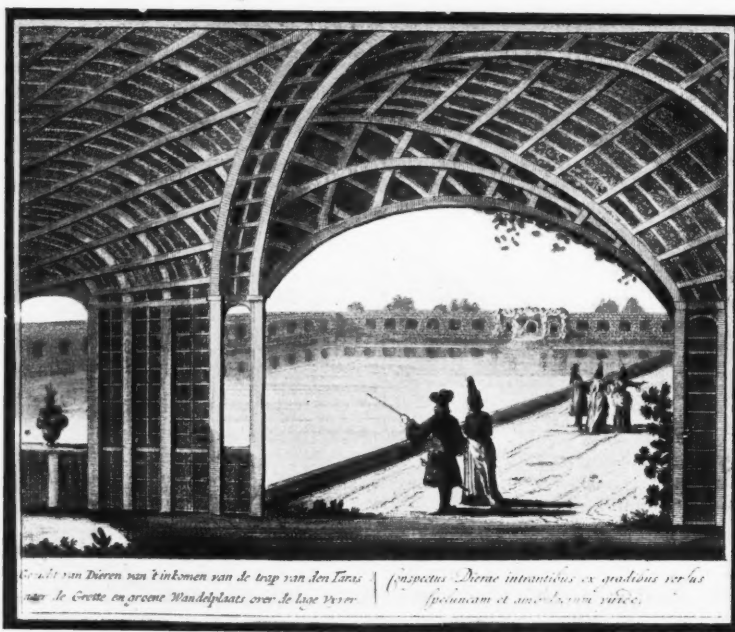
She dropped on her knees and put her arms about him. "D'wun't talk like that. It breaks my heart to hear 'ee. Ah, Dick, dear"—with a watery smile—"I dursn't never cast it up agen 'ee, seein' how I've helped to cheat the railway man."

"I means to get well anuff to go home afore the three months is out," he told her at intervals, "so's we needn't be called agen. We'll get parson to mek it square, if I has to be car'd to church."

This, in fact, is what they did; and Thomas Short, his plain features illuminated by unselfish joy, gave the bride away.

THE DUTCH GARDEN.—III.

AS promised in my last article, I will now give an analysis of King William III.'s royal gardens at Loo as described by Dr. Harris. On the north side of the palace there is a large garden divided into two parts, the upper and lower, separated by canals, by a low walk and broad cross-walk planted on each side with a double row of tall oaks, and in the centre an open space without trees for the view of the fountains, porticoes, and cascades. The lower garden has a terrace walk on three sides of it looking up on the fountain of Venus, and beyond it the fountain of Hercules. In the cross-walk on the right is a fountain of a celestial globe, and on the left of a terrestrial globe. At the end of the walk is the cascade of Narcissus on the right, and the cascade of Galatea on the left. In the upper garden is a noble fountain with a vast basin and thirty-three spouts throwing up water 45ft. high. Further on is a fountain with the water rising in the form of a peacock's tail, under which are divers cascades. Here, also, are two large porticoes, or semi-circular cloisters, supported on pillars; each gallery is forty paces long and six broad, the walls frescoed with gods and goddesses. The king's garden lies under his apartments, with a noble fountain and three parterres, and a bowling green adjoining. Westward we come to the labyrinth, or wilderness, with fountains of Tritons, dolphins, and sea-dragons, statuary, and paintings. From one fountain can be seen eight walks (four gravel and four green), between hedges 7ft. and 8ft. high. The queen's garden under her apartments is also divided into two—one of three parterres of flowers bordered with box, and having pyramidal juniper



POND AND GROTTO AT DIEREN.

trees. On the walls are trained fruit trees and grapes, and they are also hung with paintings. A gilt Orion, playing on a lute and riding on a dolphin, forms the fountain, with eight gilded sea-horses on its margin jetting water from their nostrils. The rest of the garden is composed of long gravel walks under arbours or berceaux, some with three or four steps in the centre, having flower-pots at their corners. The arbours have open spaces, or windows, lower than the parterres. Fountains are innumerable; semi-circular seats, painted green, are placed in four little gardens, or parterres, separated by Dutch elm hedges, 4ft. high, from the gravel walks intersecting one another. Orange and lemon trees in portable wooden frames, and flower-pots about them; a grotto of trees, flints, and shells, disposed in a rough grotesco manner, with an aviary in one corner of it, are features. There is another garden for retirement, with walks and hedges of witch-elm 8ft. high, with a gate of wrought iron painted blue and gilt. More fountains—one with six stone Cupids round it—complete the inventory. From the queen's garden you enter the Volière or fowl garden, whence you issue into the park, with the long canal and the queen's grove.

For minor differences from the ordinary garden we observe that the terrace walks consist of a green strip in the middle, and a gravel walk on each side of the green. Green slopes are frequent, at the upper part of which there are a number of pipes of water 1ft. apart, with copper heads for watering the slope, with stones 1½ft. square at every 4yds. distance,

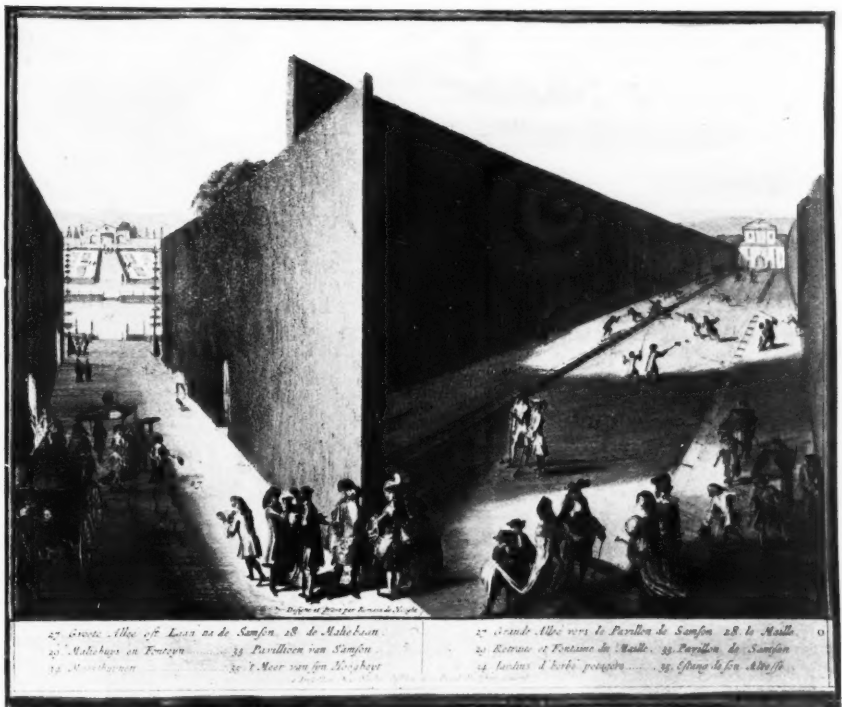


EARL OF ALBEMARLE'S HOUSE AT VOORST.

on which are placed urns and flower-pots, and seats with frescoes painted behind them. A description of one of the most elaborate fountains must do duty for the rest: A noble fountain, with a marble statue of Venus at full length in the centre of the basin, and one of Cupid at her left, with a gilded bow. The pedestal is formed by a small whale, with four gilded Tritons below it, each blowing a large trumpet, from the end of which the water flows. Around the Tritons are gilt rushes and water-lilies. Four gilt swans spout water towards the statue. The basin is bordered by blue stone, cut into four angles, and four crescents. The canals are walled and bordered with freestone, and paved with dark mosaic, in the centre of black and white diamond pattern, and have spouts throwing up the water. A noble cascade falls into three half-oval carved basins, one below the other. The beds and parterres are not only adorned with pyramids of juniper and box, but with shrubs of marsh-mallows of all colours, and a variety of flowers. The aviaries or volières are very fully described. The park is a great space of ground, containing many long green walks, nurseries, fountains, canals, cascades, fish-ponds, and divers cornfields within the gates. We notice that the water has an advantage over that of Versailles in running constantly.

The park and gardens at Enghien (see illustration) had in the eighteenth century belonged to the Duc d'Arenberg, and had suffered considerably in the course of the French Revolution, and by the treatment of the French soldiers, by whom the conservatory and hothouses were used as cavalry stables. Neill in 1823 found that after the expulsion of Napoleon, the then duke had been busily employed in removing the traces of the troops and restoring the gardens, and gives us the following account of its then condition:

"Mr. Chatillon next conducted us into the most highly-ornamented parts of the park of Enghien. We ascended an avenue lined with tall trees,



PALL MALL GROUND AT ENGHEN BY ROMAIN LE HOOGHE.

over the canal. Along the ledges of this bridge are the remains of fountains, which are no longer capable of exhibiting their beauties or the tricks of hydraulic machinery.

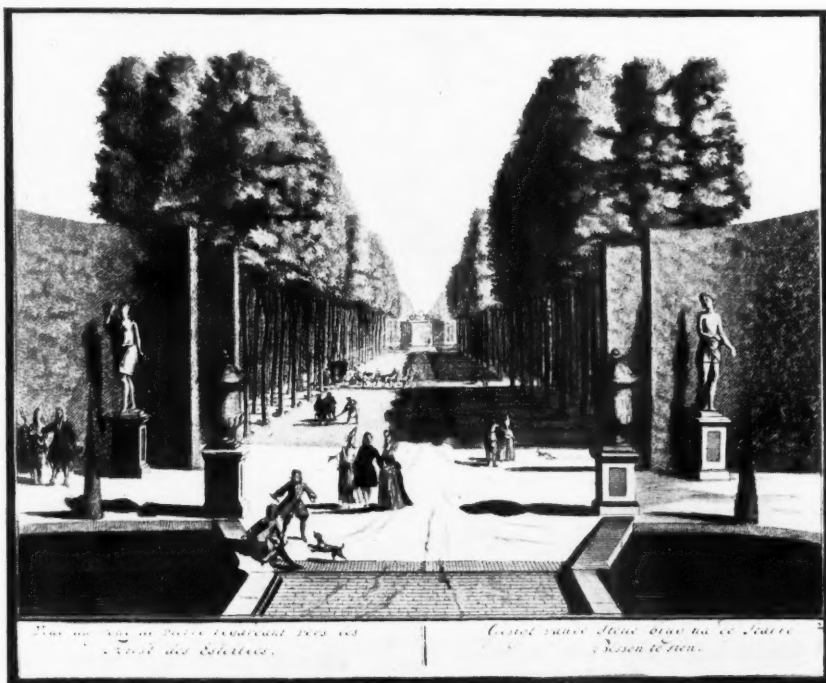
"The orangery was surrounded and sheltered by forest trees on every side: it contained in all 108 orange trees; about a dozen of them were two centuries old, and had at first belonged to Isabella of Spain when Governor of the Netherlands. They afterwards became the property of one of the Emperors of Germany, and from him to one of the Dukes d'Arenberg. Marble busts, vases, and statuary are interspersed; the heads of the orange trees are cut into round bushes, like so many vegetable balloons: this was partly from ancient custom and partly to restrain exuberance of growth, and to form numerous flower-buds. . . . From the orangery a wide berceau walk, covered with hornbeams, conducts to the remains of the château."

Holland has long been famous for its Physic or Botanical Gardens, from the days when the Garden of Simples was practically the apothecary's shop; and even before the days of the Public Physic Garden we read in Guicciardini, the Italian traveller in the sixteenth century, how its fine private medicine-gardens flourished. "Without the Gate of Saint Jacques, at the village of Bourgeur-hout, is the noble garden of Master Peter de Couberge, apothecary, a learned and virtuous man, in which, besides many sorts of ordinary simples, which grow and increase daily here and elsewhere, are to be found more than 400 sorts of foreign simples. Alike a league and a-half from Bruges, in the Signory of Moerkkercke, Charles de Saint Omer, Seigneur of the same, most qualified gentleman, has an admirable garden, with innumerable kinds of excellent simples, besides thousands of other delights." The Public Physic Garden of Leyden was founded 1577, with Augerius Clusius as first director, succeeded in 1589 by Petrus Paaw, who published a history and plan of the garden in 1601. Our illustration is from an engraving by Overadt in 1658.

And now to name—and to name is to praise—a few of the great men associated with the gardens and flowers of Holland:

First, Matthias de l'Obel, or Lobel, the godfather of the lobelia, physician to our King James I., and author of "Plantarum Stirpium Historia" (1576), who tells us the Flemings of his day brought home plants from the Levant and the two Indies, and that exotics were more cultivated by them than by any other nation. In his "Adversaria" (Lond., 1605) Lobel gives a catalogue from Clusius of thirty-eight varieties of the anemone. (Loudon.)

The great Boerhaave was long Professor of Botany in Leyden, and Deleuze says that a ship never left the ports of



AN AVENUE AT ENGHEN WITH FOLIAGE SCREENS.

leading towards a large temple situate on an elevated spot, from which the ground declines in every direction. We had no sooner reached the precincts of the building than we perceived that we were in the centre of the Grand Etoile of Enghien Park, the praises of which we recollected to have long ago read. The temple is of a heptangular shape, or fronts seven different ways. At the angles on every side are two parallel columns, placed about a foot apart. From the seven large centres proceed as many broad, straight, and long avenues of noble trees, affording vista prospects of the distant country in all these directions; and from the seven small centres, formed by each pair of columns, proceed an equal number of small and narrow allées, each terminated by some statue, bust, vase, or other ornament. The predilection for seven, as the number of perfection, is here as remarkable as we found it at Brussels. The temple is moated, or immediately surrounded by a pond, or circular canal, the whole is cased with marble, a handsome bridge is thrown

Holland the captain of which was not desired to procure seeds and plants from foreign parts.

The Botanic Garden of Amsterdam, under the direction of John and Gaspar Commelyn, was the first European garden that procured a specimen of the coffee tree about 1690, from which a seedling was sent to Paris in 1714; two seedlings were sent hence to Martinique in 1726, and these, the Abbé de Raynal states, in his "Histoire du Commerce," produced all the coffee trees now cultivated in the French colonies; the gardens of Clifford, near Haarlem, Antwerp, and Utrecht were all in turn celebrated.

In 1579 Dodoens published a catalogue of the Antwerp Garden, and in 1737 Linnæus published the "History of the Gardens of Clifford near Haarlem." (Loudon.)

Beckford, the author of "Vathek," than whom a more tasteful and eloquent "praiser" of gardens never lived, writing in July, 1780, thus describes the route from Amsterdam to Utrecht: "Both sides of the way are lined with the country houses and gardens of opulent citizens, as fine as gilt statues and clipped hedges can make them. Their number is quite astonishing. From Amsterdam to Utrecht, full thirty miles, we beheld no other objects than endless avenues and stiff parterres, scrawled and flourished in patterns like the embroidery of an old maid's work-bag." Beckford did not share the taste for the Gallic "Parterre de Broderie," as the "carpet gardening" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was called, the designs for which to-day serve as models for the jewellers and metal-workers of Birmingham.

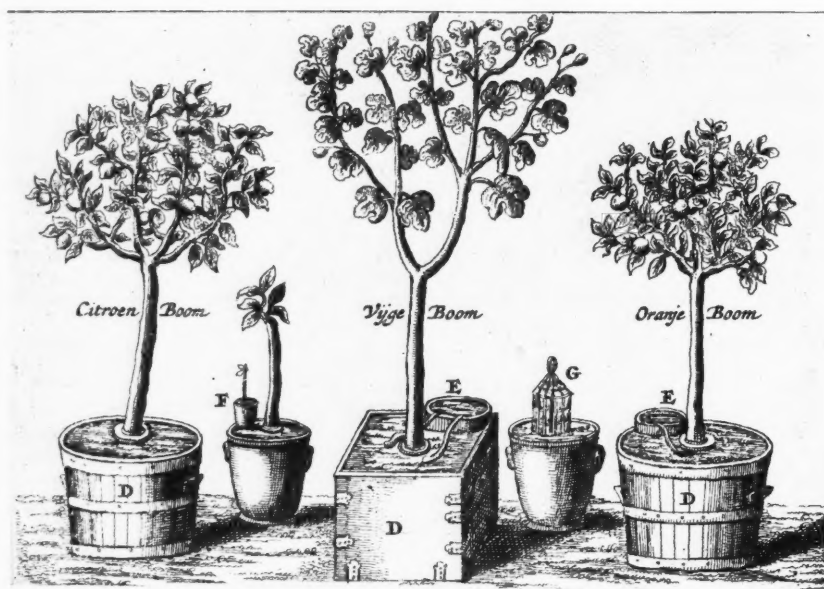
But, continues Beckford, "notwithstanding this formal taste, I could not help admiring the neatness and arrangement of every enclosure, enlivened by a profusion of flowers, and decked with arbours, beneath which a vast number of consequential personages were solacing themselves after the heat of the day. Each *lusthuys* we passed contained some comfortable party dozing over their pipes, or angling in the muddy fish-ponds below."

So far we have visited only the more princely and grandiose gardens of Holland; but in the following description of Broek, borrowed from De Amicis's sketch of Holland, we descend from the heroic and gigantic to the minute and dwarf-like gardens, such as only Holland (or, perhaps, in some respects, Japan) can produce:

"All the houses are surrounded by small gardens, separated from the street by a sky blue paling in the form of a balustrade, with wooden apples and oranges on the top of the pales. . . . But the absurdity is still



THE ORANGERY, VAN DER GROEN.



METHOD OF CULTURE.

greater in the garden. Here are bridges a palm long, grottoes and cascades of miniature proportions, small rustic chapels, Greek temples, pagodas, painted statues; tiny figures with gilded feet and hands, which bounce out of flower-baskets; automata of life size that smoke and spin; doors which open with a spring and display a company of puppets seated at a table; little basins with swins and geese in zinc; paths paved with a mosaic of shells, with a fine porcelain vase in the middle; trees cut into a representation of the human figure, bushes of box carved into the shapes of bell-towers, chapels, ships, chimeras, peacocks with spread tails, and children with arms stretched out; paths, arbors, hedges, flowers, plants all contorted, tormented, twisted, and bastardised. And such in former times were all the houses and gardens of Broek."

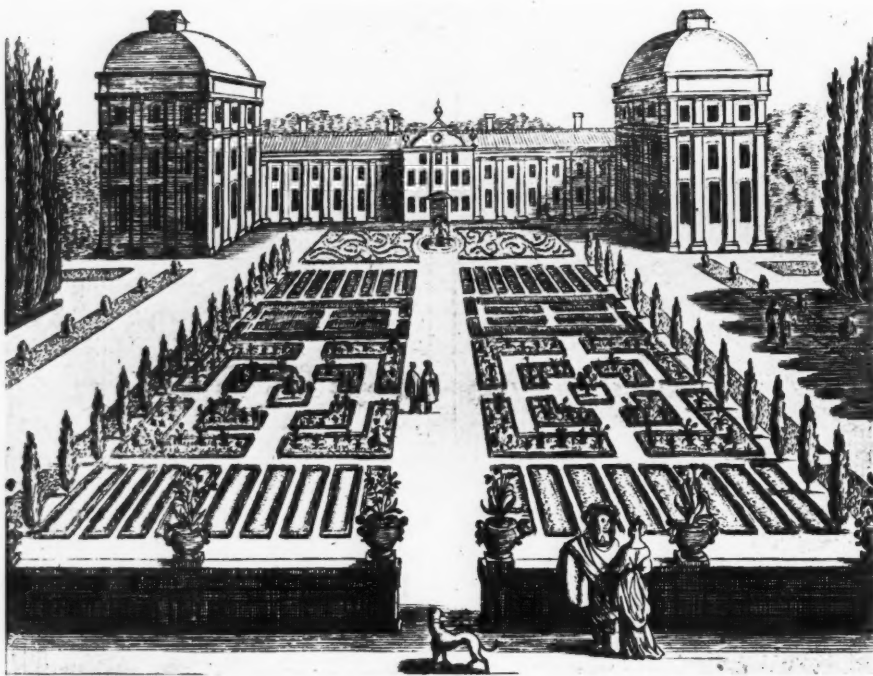
I must postpone to another opportunity the pleasant task of tracing how far the Dutch style influenced our own art of garden-design, as exemplified most prominently at Hampton Court under the régime of the famous gardeners London and Wise.

A. FORBES SIEVEKING.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BIDEFORD AND CHARLES KINGSLEY
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may be of interest to all admirers of Charles Kingsley to know that a statue of that great lover of country life is to be erected on Bideford Quay, in the town which he has made so familiar to thousands who have never seen it. Out of the £630 required for the work, about two-thirds has been raised, and there is every reason to hope that the remainder



TITLE-PAGE OF "DE NIEWE VERSLANDIGEN HOVENIER" (1670).

will be forthcoming. The scheme has the full approval of his relations, and the hon. secretary of the committee appointed to carry it out, Mr. W. B. Seldon, of Bideford, will be happy to give intending subscribers any further details they may wish for.—L. T.

FRIENDS OR FOES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—That starlings are deteriorating in their usefulness in some gardens may be true, but it is equally true that in others they still confine themselves almost entirely to the lawns and shrubberies, and do no damage whatever to the kitchen garden. I speak from experience gained from the constant use of the field-glass; and even our old gardener is fast overcoming a lurking prejudice he had against them. If they would cease blocking up spouts, their presence would be nothing but welcome.—H.

DOG-LOVE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following episode in the life of a dog will, I trust, seem to you deserving of notice. A bitch having become foster-mother to a litter of six or seven puppies, of whom one was small and feeble, while the others were robust and healthy, took notice that, in the struggle at mealtimes, the poor little chap was hustled by his brothers and sisters out of the place that ought to be his, and always failed to get anything like his proper share of what she was so willing to provide for all her adopted family. Moved, no doubt, by pity for her fragile foster-child, she one day took him in her mouth and jumped with him on to a couch in the room, out of the reach of the other children, and then and there let him feed at pleasure, free from interruption by them, until he was fully satisfied, when she left the couch and went to administer sustenance as usual to her other babies. This she continued to do at feeding-times, day after day, until the little creature had by her affectionate and wise maternal care of him become sufficiently able-bodied to take unassisted his own part at the daily distribution of his foster-mother's favours. Could anything be more touching and beautiful than this action of a creature not in the interest of its own, but of its adopted offspring? Could the tenderest mother have done more for her own dearly-loved, ailing child? Realising from such conduct as this something as to the depth of the love and pity which can move the heart, and the wisdom which animates the brain, of a dog, can it be wondered at that that creature is, above all other creatures, loved so intensely by multitudes of human beings in every clime and of every class?—PETER.

INSTANCE OF A DOG'S "HOMING" FACULTY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—There has come to my knowledge lately an instance, perfectly authentic, of the "homing" faculty, so called, of dogs, which has the added interest of showing a curious idiosyncrasy of canine character. The hero of the story is a "chow." He was brought by train and cab from Roehampton to a house in Halkin Street. After staying contentedly in the Halkin Street house for some days it appears that the dog grew weary of town life, for it vanished, creating much alarm and distress by its disappearance. Telegraphic communication soon showed that the dog had returned to its old country home at Roehampton, and comparison of the time when last it was seen in Halkin Street with the time when it appeared at Roehampton proved that it must have travelled at a fair pace, without serious delay in finding its way from the one place to the other. Of course, the distance is not great, but the fact that the dog could thus direct itself accurately along roads unfamiliar, and indeed utterly strange, to it (for naturally its transit by train to Waterloo and thence by cab could give it no information about the way it should take when travelling on its own feet) must be put down as yet another instance of problems of a like kind which seem to be beyond all human solution. So far the story is merely illustrative of this strange faculty. What follows is illustrative of a singular trait of character on part of the dog. After staying for a few days at Roehampton (it is to be understood that some sort of an establishment, either of masters or servants, friendly to it was maintained both at Roehampton and in Halkin Street) it apparently grew tired of the tamer joys of the country and suddenly returned again to the Halkin Street house. Thus it rang the changes between its town and country residences during the whole of the time that its owners were tenants of the London house. The repetitions of its journey, of course, are easily to be understood, but show a curious desire for variety of scene and surroundings

that is not altogether canine, as we commonly conceive of the canine character. The first journey is the only one that sets a puzzle, but it is a hard puzzle.—H. G. HUTCHINSON.

A SPRING EVENING ON CHISWICK EYOT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some proof of the way in which the natural life of birds and plants may continue on the London river in places which are protected but let alone, and not embanked and "municipalised," may be found in the following notes made opposite Chiswick Eyot before sunset on Saturday last. It was a beautiful April evening, and the sun had brought into blossom thousands of celandines, growing among the stocks of the osiers, an ample crop of which was cut last year, for the island, though its lower end is in the London boundary, is still rated as "agricultural land." A pair of swans were solemnly making their useless nest, which is certain to be flooded in the spring-tides, and the trees and bushes on the Middlesex bank were full of hedge-sparrows, singing their spring song. A carrion crow was flying across from the reservoir enclosure on the Surrey side, and was at once attacked and mobbed by a flock of pied wagtails. These latter appeared in numbers the day before, as they do every year in the first weeks of April, making a migration of some kind. They drop in just before evening, exactly as the migrating swallows do. Yet they are not supposed to leave England in the winter. At the very early date of June 16th numbers of these birds, this time all young ones, will come to the Eyot on another migration, though why and whither I have no idea. I have seen as many as sixty at a time

running about on the margin of the water at low tide, and on one occasion a pair of sandpipers, almost as tame, were feeding with them. But to go back to last Saturday. The air at least 800ft. above was full of gulls, "floating spiral aerial," a form of amusement which generally takes place so high as to be above the angle of ordinary vision, while on the river a pair of moorhens were paddling across to the Middlesex shore and back, apparently with a view to nesting. Lastly, as some eights came racing down the river, they put up a pair of wild ducks, which, after flying round in circles, went off and dropped on the reservoirs opposite. The spring migrants, such as the reed-warbler, sedge-warbler, cuckoo, and white-throat, have not yet come. On the other hand, that hardy villain, the brown rat, which here is entirely riverine, was much in evidence, swimming across to the Eyot and playing on the mud. It is to be hoped that, whoever fate ordains to be the ultimate authority presiding over the destinies of the river, this bit of natural Thames scenery may always be preserved. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners own all but a few yards at the upper end.—C. J. CORNISH.

DEW-PONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if any of your correspondents could give me any information concerning dew-ponds. Has it been explained in any satisfactory manner how the ponds are supplied with water? And where

could one see a good example now or in the course of the summer?—LICHEN GREY.

[The means by which the water is distilled from fog, as well as from dew, is not known. Some account of various dew-ponds believed to be prehistoric will be found in "Neolithic Dew-ponds and Cattleways," by A. J. and George Hubbard (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net), just published.—ED.]

BIRDS SINGING AT NIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

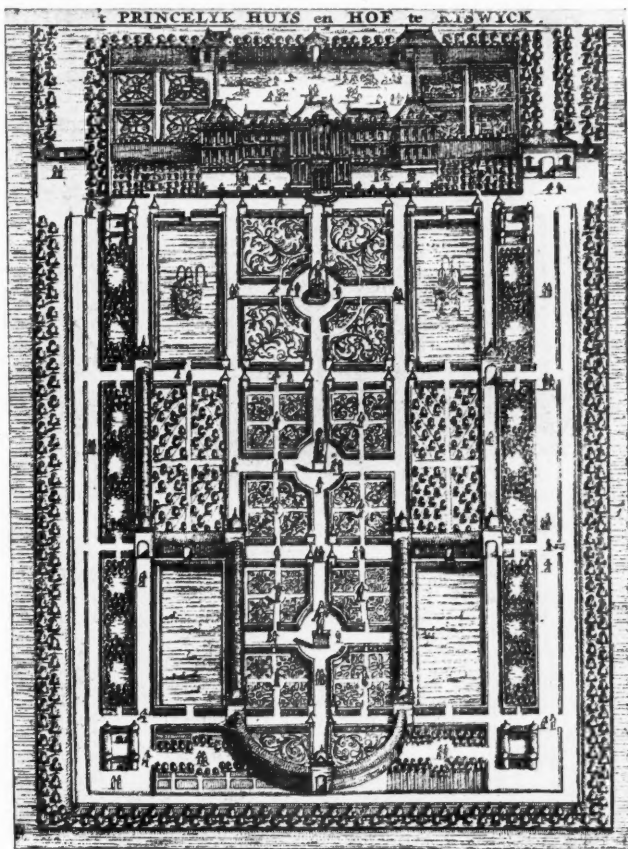
SIR,—*Atropos* of the reference made in your paper, COUNTRY LIFE, to birds singing by artificial light, your readers may be interested to hear that we brought a wild robin with us when we returned to London from the country at the end of September, and he not only seems perfectly happy in a cage, but sings the greater part of the day and evening when the electric lights are going. He is never covered up.—L. H. A.

[It is hard to think of a robin in a cage as "perfectly happy," and we can only wish him speedy liberation from his prison.—ED.]

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers interested in migratory bird life kindly inform me if the very early appearance of the swallow in this neighbourhood, Chifnal St. James', is general in other parts of the country this spring? I observed



GROUND PLAN OF ROYAL GARDENS AT RYSWICK.

the first two birds on April 4th, a dull, cold morning; and the following day, which was brighter, two or three birds were merrily darting and skimming through garden and over moat. For many years past the swallow has returned here between the dates April 18th to 26th, when the weather usually has proved far more settled and genial than at the present moment.—CHELMSFORD.

REDSTARTS AS GARDEN PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With the exception of such illustrious rarities as the golden oriole and bee-eater, the redstart can fairly claim to be the most brilliant of our summer visitors; indeed, the cock, with his grey back, black bib, and rich orange-chestnut breast and tail, has quite a tropical appearance. The hen is a soberly-clad little creature, but her drab plumage is relieved by a tail nearly as red as her mate's, and both emphasise the conspicuousness of this appendage by constantly communicating to it what has been well described as "a vibrant wag," the lateral quiver irresistibly suggesting something hung on springs. Due to appear in the present month, the redstart will be a visitor to many gardens, where it will prove a useful and ornamental guest. In respect of its methods of procuring its insect prey, the bird is half robin and half flycatcher, seizing its quarry either in repose or on the wing; and so clever is it in catching flying insects that it will successfully attempt the chase of the small white butterfly, a garden pest which does not enter into the bill of fare of every bird by any means. Many birds find its



FOOD FOR HER FAMILY.
Hen bird with beak full of insects.

flickering flight too baulking, and the spotted flycatcher is said to dislike it. It would seem to be worth while to take some trouble to encourage so altogether desirable a bird as this, and this can be done in more ways than one. Suitable nesting-boxes will attract it, as it is a builder in holes, and Mr. Oxley Grabham's photographs show the birds domiciled in a dry wall. It is essential not to hang the boxes in a windy situation, nor more than 2yds. from the ground, and a perch at the entrance hole is to be avoided, as such only forms an invitation for the clumsier sparrow. Supposing, however, the birds do not take to the boxes provided, and have made up their mind to nest elsewhere, they can still be conciliated by feeding, and this proceeding is desirable in any case. By far the most convenient dainty with which to tempt them is the mealworm, an inoffensive insect easily obtained from bird-dealers, and to be kept without difficulty on stale bread in a tin. A few of them thrown in the birds' way daily ought soon to conciliate them, as they are much liked, not only by birds in captivity, but by wild ones, which either never get quite so much to eat as they would like, or cannot resist a creature which, from its indoor-living habits, is a strange delicacy to them. The redstart in captivity has been found to be very fond of cockroaches, and exposure of the beetle-trap with its captives in the garden would be a simple way of effecting an introduction of the insects to the free bird.—FRANK FINN.

ANGLER'S PARADISE IN SOUTH FLORIDA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Miami (pronounced My-ah-mee), a thriving little town in Biscayne Bay, a healthy winter resort on account of its beautiful climate, and a deservedly-

favourite place among anglers, naturalists, yachtsmen, artists, and amateur photographers, is distant 366 miles by Florida East Coast Railroad from Jacksonville, which place can be reached either by rail from New York, or, better still, by the large 3,000—4,000-ton comfortable steamers of the Clyde line from New York. These steamers also call at Charleston, S.C. There is also communication (which I learn is to be greatly improved) between Miami and Nassau, also Key West and Havana. Hotels—Royal Palm and Hotel Biscayne; also a fine new one completing, called Halcyon Hall, with every improvement, which ought to be excellent, as it will be under the same management as the Hotel Biscayne. Biscayne Bay is a long (36 miles), narrow inlet, opening towards the south. Between the shore and the Atlantic Ocean are islands known as keys, covered with trees and vegetation.

Virginia Key is the farthest north, and two channels, known as passes or cuts, lead from Biscayne Bay to the ocean. There is excellent fishing in these passes—Norris Cut and Bear Cut. The fish shown in the photograph are kingfish (*Scomboromus cavalla*). They numbered twenty, weighed in all 225lb. (the two best were 16lb. each), but there were also seven large kingfish unweighed, bitten short off by the head, some quite close to the boat, by those nuisances, sharks and large barracuda. These fish were taken on hand-line, trailing a block-tin squid; but a piece of red flannel tied to a large hook does as well. They are a game fish, jump high out of the water, and give fine sport on rod and line. Kingfish are very strong, and it is advisable to wear cotton gloves stuffed with cotton-wool. These cost 15c. This catch of mine took place between 8.30 and 9.45 in the morning. Other catches we had, with two lines out: 60 fish, 465lb.; 44 fish, 366lb.; 30 fish, 270lb.; 25 fish, 301lb.; 15 fish, 185lb. Kingfish, when large, are coarse, but are dried and sent in great quantities to Catholic countries. Spanish mackerel, another large and game fish, are taken trailing. They are most excellent eating, and, with the pampano, bluefish, red snapper, and yellow-tail, about the nicest sea-fish America produces. Crevalle, both *Caranx hippos* and *Caranx crysos*, give excellent sport, as do barracuda (which run large) and amber jack (going up to 45lb.). Of fish taken on ground-lines, the Hamlet or Nassau grouper, rockfish, hogfish, and mutton-fish run to a good size. Besides these there are several varieties of



COCK REDSTART
At entrance to nest in wall



A BAG OF KINGFISH.

angel and parrot fishes, brilliantly coloured; eight or ten kinds of grunts, pretty fish, and mostly good eating, despite their ugly name; two kinds of bone-fish, a large and game kind of herring that goes up to 10lb.; sand-perch innumerable (I got 150 in three hours); ugly wretches like toadfish, garfish, needle-fish, candle-fish, etc.—the list is endless; besides fresh-water fish up the Miami: Large-mouthed black bass, taken on fly or spear; dark green bream or "brim," mullet, fresh-water perch (not unlike our English ones), and fresh-water garfish. A motor-launch, hired by the day, costs 8dol., and the "guides" are mighty keen fishermen. My man, Uriah A. Dillet, never spared any trouble or pains to show one good sport. The fever at Miami is of a very mild type, and no one need catch it if they use only a little common-sense.—FRANK CUSHNY.